WOMEN of RED RIVER

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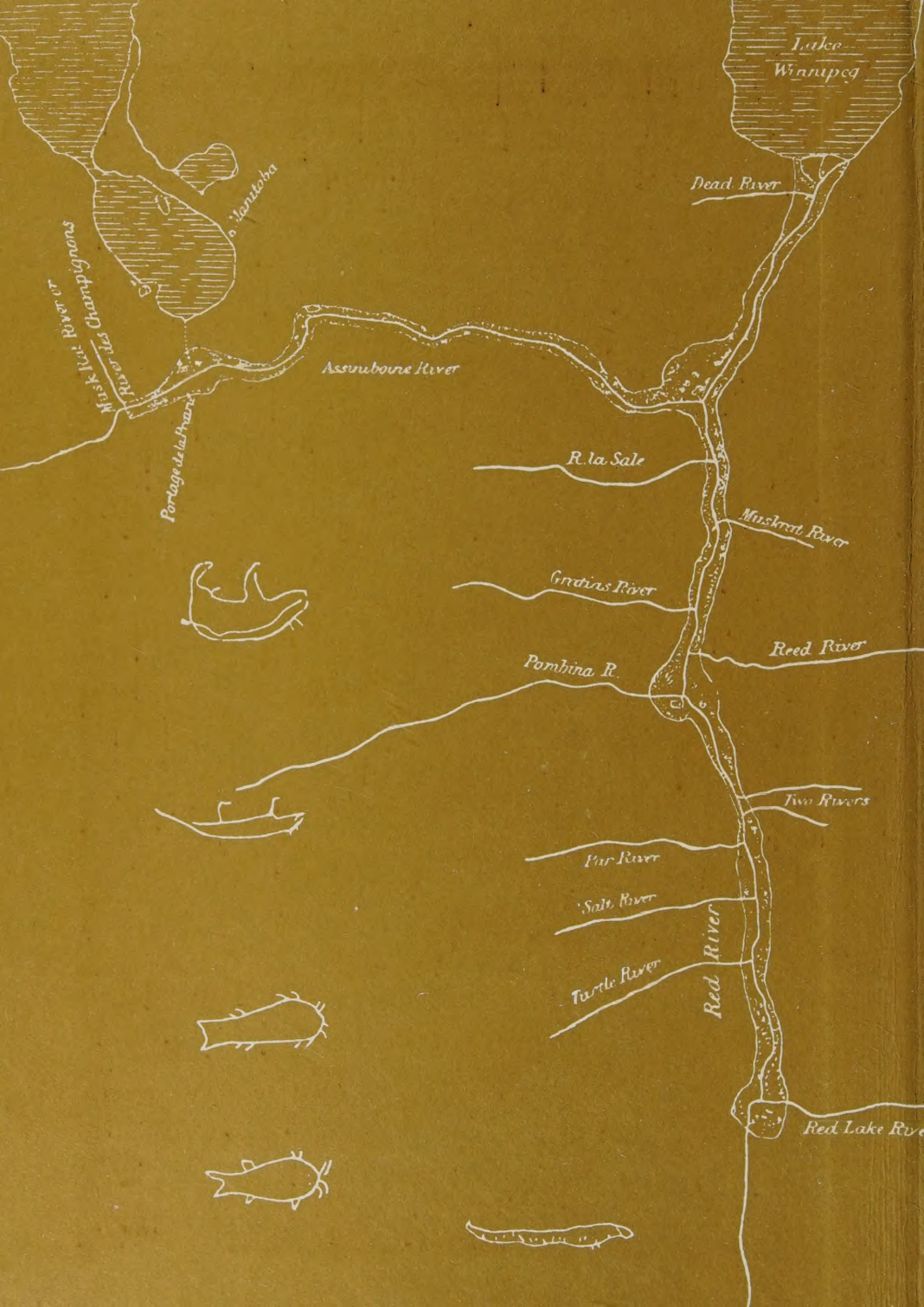
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gned) Selkirk

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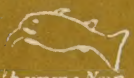

L'homme Noir

Pegowis

His Mark

Onokidoat

His Mark

Premier

Signed in Presence of

Thomas Thomas

James Bird

F. Matthey Cap:

P. d'Orsonnens Cap.t

Miles Macdonell

I. B.t Ch.r de Lorimier

Louis Nolin I.tr

SKETCH-MAP attached to the treaty made by Lord Selkirk with the Indians on July 18.th 1817, at the Forks of the Red and the Assiniboine.

By that treaty the Indians gave up their title to the land "extending to the distance of two English statute miles from the banks of the said rivers on each side", and to "six miles on every side" from Fort Douglas (below the Forks) and Fort Daer (at the mouth of the Pembina river), in consideration of a quit-rent of two hundred pounds weight of "good merchantable tobacco", to be paid on or before October 10th of each year, one half to be delivered at the Forks to the chief and warriors of the Chippeway, or Saulteaux, nation, and the other at Portage la Prairie to the chiefs and warriors of the Knistineaux or Cree nation. The Indians' version of the treaty was that they gave the Silver Chief, as they named Lord Selkirk, the land back from the river banks as far as daylight could be seen under the body of a pony standing on the level prairie.

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WOMEN of RED RIVER

BEING A BOOK WRITTEN FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF WOMEN SURVIVING FROM THE RED RIVER ERA

BY

W. J. HEALY

PROVINCIAL LIBRARIAN OF MANITOBA

A TRIBUTE TO THE WOMEN OF AN EARLIER DAY

BY

THE WOMEN'S CANADIAN CLUB

WINNIPEG

1923

CENTENNIAL EDITION

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By THE WOMEN'S CANADIAN CLUB, WINNIPEG

PUBLISHED BY

PEGUIS PUBLISHERS
214 KENNEDY ST.,
WINNIPEG 1

FIRST PRINTING SEPTEMBER, 1923
SECOND PRINTING NOVEMBER, 1923
THIRD PRINTING NOVEMBER, 1924
CENTENNIAL EDITION JUNE, 1967
FIFTH PRINTING MAY, 1970

PRINTED BY HIGNELL PRINTING LIMITED, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

WHEN the publication of this book was undertaken it was intended that the period of time included should extend to about the year 1880. To the surprise and delight of all engaged in the work, there was found to be available a wealth af material concerning an earlier, more picturesque and altogether unique time. Consequently it was thought desirable to set the year of the incorporation of the City of Winnipeg—1873—as the end of the period to be covered in these recollections even though this involved the abandonment of much that was of great interest.

When so many have contributed, it is impossible to thank individually all who have aided in the preparation of this book. The Executive Committee of the Women's Canadian Club does, however, desire to express its appreciation of the sympathetic co-operation of the artists, Mr. Charles F. Comfort who did the pen and ink sketches, and Mr. Walter J. Phillips whose work is found in the frontispiece. Most of all it desires to thank the writer, Mr. W. J. Healy, without whose aid, unstinted and understanding, the Club would not have been able to offer to the women of past generations this tribute which, it is hoped, may be thought in some degree worthy of their fine achievements in the making of homes in a new and distant country.

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I. The First White Women in the West

THE first white woman in the West of whom there is record came out from the Orkney Islands in 1806 in a Hudson's Bay Company's ship disguised as a young man. She was following her lover who had deserted her. In the journal of the fur trader Alexander Henry it is recorded, without mention of her name, that on December 29th, 1807, she gave birth to a child at his trading post at the mouth of the Pembina river. Of the life of the child born that day, the first child born in the West of a white father and a white mother —"a fine boy," wrote Henry—nothing is known but that his mother took him with her when she returned to Scotland in the summer after his birth. There is no record that the unfortunate Orkney girl met the second white woman in the West, Marie Anne Lagimonière, whose first child was born eight days later than the Orkney girl's child, near the bank of the Pembina river. Marie Anne Lagimonière arrived in the West in the summer of 1807. She accompanied her husband in one of the canoes of a brigade which travelled by the fur traders' route from the St. Lawrence, a journey of two thousand miles. They came up the Red river from

Lake Winnipeg and passed the mouth of the Assiniboine on their way to the headquarters of the buffalo hunters at the mouth of the Pembina. There, in a wigwam on January 6th, 1808, the first child of the Lagimonières was born, a girl who grew up to become the mother of Louis Riel.

No other white woman came to the West until the summer of 1812, when the second party of Selkirk settlers arrived at York Factory on Hudson Bay. In that party, as it was listed by Owen Keveny, who was in charge as the representative of Lord Selkirk, there were eighteen women "above fifteen," one girl, and eleven children "under eight." There was ship fever on board; and while the ship was laboring through a furious storm in the Bay two days before she came to anchor, there was a child born. "An increase of one, Mrs. McLean haveing a young daughter," as Keveny wrote in his letter to Lord Selkirk, on landing. "Both are doing well," he added, "and tomorrow will be ready to proceed inland."

It was late in October of that year when the women and children of the second party of Selkirk settlers arrived at the Forks of the Red and the Assiniboine. While they were making the journey from York Factory to the Red river there had already landed on the shore of Hudson Bay a third party, after a voyage on which there had been deaths from ship fever. Most of the

survivors were so weak that the journey of seven hundred miles to the Red river could not be undertaken that fall. Rough log cabins had to be made with axe and spade for a winter camp near the mouth of the Churchill river. Early in April, 1813, twenty-one men

"THEY FOLLOWED THE TRAIL"

and twenty women started from the winter camp for York Factory, with a party of the Company's men. They were all on snowshoes. The strongest of the men went ahead, dragging rough sledges loaded with provisions and stores, and so made a trail for the women. There was a Highland piper in the middle of the line.

A few sturdy men brought up the rear, to prevent straggling and to help the weary on that journey of nearly a hundred miles through a wild and difficult region. On the second day a halt had to be made to set up a tent, bank it with snow and supply it with firewood and food and a musket and ammunition. In that tent Angus McKay, who was nineteen years old, and his wife, who was younger, stayed. The others pressed on; the supply of food was so scanty that none of the others could wait. The child born in the snow-banked tent had to be carried by his mother as soon as she was able to go on; the father shouldered his musket and the family's possessions. They followed the trail of the party ahead, and arrived before the end of April at York Factory, where the others had arrived twenty-one days after the start from the winter camp. After waiting until the ice ran out of the rivers, they all started in York boats on the four weeks' journey to the Red river, where they arrived in June.

Held as family memories by their descendants, the recollections of the first Selkirk settlers are cherished tradition of fortitude and unconquerable faith. Men and women who had been evicted from their small holdings in the Highlands, had to gather their children and their few belongings, and bid farewell to their native glens and hills. Men and women still living remember their grandfathers and grandmothers telling of the

evictions they saw as children in the clearing of great areas in Sutherlandshire, that sheep might take the place of the crofters. Families were turned out of their homes, their household things put out of doors, and the little shielings burned to the ground to leave the people roofless and unsheltered and thus compel them to go away. Crossing the Atlantic to a far unknown land, they saw their last of Scotland with straining eyes, as its coast sank beneath the horizon. The bleak cliffs of Hudson Strait were the next land they were to see; and when at last the voyage was ended, and they landed on the shore of the Bay, it was to find that a long journey through the wilderness had still to be made. At the Red river, before they could establish themselves in new homes, they endured several years of privations and calamities.

What the women suffered, coming in closer and more wounding contact than the men with the cruelly hard realities of life in such conditions, was known in its fullness to themselves alone, and can be realized only in part by the pioneer women of later times. There are pioneer women today in the remote districts of the West for whom life means loneliness and hard work and privations, but the Selkirk settlers were more isolated from the world than a settlement on the north shore of Hudson Bay would be today. The bloodshed and savage devastation of the fur trade warfare

destroyed their first attempts at settlement, and brought death to some and extreme suffering to the survivors; and after the fur trade warfare was ended the settlers had to struggle against disasters which more than once threatened the destruction of the settlement. Again and again what seemed a lost cause on the banks of the Red river was saved by the unrecorded fortitude of men and women whose hearts were strong to endure against disaster. The staunchness of the men and the sustaining courage and devotion of the women preserved British influence in the West and helped to create a nation.

John Tanner, the explorer and fur trader, was at the Forks in the summer of 1813. "The Scots people to the number of a hundred or more arrived to settle under the protection of the Hudson's Bay Company," he wrote in his journal, "and among these I saw for the first time in many years since I had become a man, a white woman." If in that same summer he had gone out ten miles along the north bank of the Assiniboine, he would have found in a place which is now part of the St. Charles Country Club golf links, a hut of rough-hewn logs chinked with moss, with a buffalo-skin for a door, an earth floor and for window a scraped skin fixed in a frame of wood. Jean Baptiste Lagimonière had built it for his family to live in while he was away hunting in the winters.

After Marie Anne Lagimonière died in 1878, in her ninety-sixth year, in the house of the youngest of her sons, Benjamin, near St. Boniface, Abbé Dugas wrote a narrative of her life as she had told it to her children. That narrative begins on the farm of Charles Gaboury, below Three Rivers on the St. Lawrence, where his daughter Marie Anne was born. When she was in her twenty-fifth year, having never been farther from her home than to the nearby village, there returned to a neighboring farm, to visit his family, a young man, Jean Baptiste Lagimonière, a romantic figure in the eyes of all the parish, for he had been five years in the wilderness of the Northwest with the fur traders and the buffalo hunters. He and Marie Anne Gaboury were married in the April of 1807. But before their honeymoon was ended the young husband told his wife that the longing to go back to the Northwest was stronger than he could resist. She decided that she would go with him.

At the end of their first winter in the West, the Lagimonières started out to go northwest to the Saskatchewan river with three of the French-Canadians who had wintered at Pembina River, Chalifou, Belgrade and Paquin, who were all married to Indian women of the Cree tribe. Marie Anne Lagimonière, carrying her infant in a moss bag, in the Indian mothers' way travelled with her husband across the plains to within sight of

the Rocky Mountains. The news of her coming ran before her among the Indians, who gazed in wonder at the white woman and her white baby. Until 1811, when he heard of Lord Selkirk's project of founding a settlement at the Red river, Lagimonière and his family spent each winter near the Hudson's Bay Company's trading post known as the Fort of the Prairies, where the city of Edmonton now stands. Each spring, when his winter trapping was ended, his family accompanied him to the plains. Once when his wife was riding a horse that was a trained buffalo runner, they came in sight of a herd of buffalo grazing. The narrative of Abbé Dugas says:

> As soon as her horse caught sight of the buffalo, without a thought of his burden he took the bit in his teeth and galloped after the herd. Embarrassed by the two bags which hung, one on each side of the horse, in one of which was her child, the poor woman expected every moment that she would be thrown to the ground. She commended herself to God, and clung with all her strength to the horse's mane. She did not know how long her mad career continued — she knew only that it was horribly long. When her husband, by wheeling and cutting across her horse's path, succeeded in stopping his flight, she was on the point of succumbing. This was about three o'clock in the afternoon. They pitched their tent on a rising piece of ground near some trees, and there, some hours after that furious race, Madame Lagimonière gave birth to her second child, whom they nicknamed Laprairie, because he was born in the middle of the prairie.

One day in the spring following the birth of the baby named Laprairie, whom Abbé Dugas describes in his narrative as "having a fresh complexion, blue eyes and fair hair," the child was stolen by the wife of a Blackfeet chief, who made off with him on horseback. Marie Anne Lagimonière mounted a horse and followed. After a race of several miles she overtook the Indian woman, who pretended she had carried off the child only to play with him. A year later the chief whose wife had attempted to run away with the child came to Lagimonière's camp with several horses. He led the best of them to the white woman and gave him to her, and then asked for the white child in exchange. And here the Abbé makes one of the excellent little pictures in his narrative:

> As one can well imagine, Madame Lagimonière refused the offer and made signs (for she did not know the Indian language) that she would never consent to such an exchange. The chief, thinking that she was not content with one horse, drew up a second and placed the cord by which that one was led in her hand also, as he had done with the first. She said to her husband, "Tell him that I will not sell my child, and that he would have to tear my heart out before I would part with him." "Very well," said the Indian, "take all my horses and one of my children." "No," she said, "you can never make me do it." And taking the child in her arms, she began to cry. The Indian chief apparently was touched by her tears, for he ceased to insist, and went on his way with his people and his horses.

Such had been the adventures of Marie Anne Lagimonière in the West before the arrival of the first women among the settlers sent out by Lord Selkirk for the settlement on the banks of the Red river. From the time of the return of the unhappy Orkney girl to Scotland, until the arrival of the second party of Selkirk settlers, Marie Anne Lagimonière was the only white woman on the northern half of this continent west of Lake Huron of whom there is record. At that time there was not a white woman within the area of the present States of Minnesota, South Dakota, North Dakota, Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. The first white women who crossed the continent south of the international line were the wives of the two Presbyterian missionaries, Marcus Whitman and Henry Spalding, who accompanied their husbands to Oregon in 1836, twenty-eight years later than the journey made by Marie Anne Lagimonière with her first child across what is now western Canada to within sight of the Rocky Mountains.

II. At Red River

AS late as 1870 Red River was the only settlement which was more than a few hunters' families gathered about a trading post in the wilderness of the West. There are women still living whose memories go back to the middle decades of the last century when Red River, so far out of the world as to be accessible only by long and hard travelling through wild regions, had a peaceful, pastoral community life.

In the winters, when they were young women, there was no communication with the world beyond Red River except by dog-trains. The commodities which were needed from the outside came from England in the summers in the Hudson's Bay Company's ships to the shores of Hudson Bay and were brought inland by York boats, which went northward from Red River to the Bay laden with furs. The fur traders' route to the St. Lawrence was still travelled by birch-bark canoes, as when the first woman from Eastern Canada came to Red River in 1807. But the canoe brigades for freighting were discontinued after the merging of the North-West Company with the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821, and freighting was done

by the boat brigades to the Bay. Summer travel over the vast plains westward and southward was by Indian ponies and Red River carts.

As some of the pages of this book will bear witness, the survivors from that era in Red River hold in their memories the stories handed down by their elders of the early years of the settlement—the lack of food in the first winters which drove the Selkirk settlers to take refuge with the buffalo hunters at Pembina, the fur trade warfare, the calamities which befell after the settlers returned to their lands, from which they had been driven, the destruction of crops by a plague of grasshoppers, and the crowning disaster of the high flood of 1826. After the flood waters of that year receded, the good times began in Red River. "This I consider an extinguisher to the hope of Red River ever retaining the name of settlement" wrote Governor Simpson at the time of the flood of 1826. But in 1833 Donald MacKenzie, who was then Governor of Red River, reported to Hudson's Bay House in London that the settlement was "going most thrivingly forward" and wrote with enthusiasm of "the large and flourishing harvests," "the stacks and laden carts" and "the health and contentment of the people"; and Governor Simpson wrote, "this settlement is in the most perfect state of tranquility. Peace and plenty may be said to be its model."

The whole population of Red River at that time was less than two thousand souls. The French and many of the Métis or Bois Brules, a nickname which the French-speaking people of mixed blood used themselves, proud of their "burnt wood" hue of skin, lived across the river at St. Boniface. The main settlement of the French-speaking people of mixed blood was along the Assiniboine. The retired officers and servants of the Company—almost all Orkneymen—who took up land holdings, were on the banks of the Red below the Forks. Farther down the Red were the Scottish settlers. In 1829 sixty families of Orkney, English and French extraction came to Red River from James Bay; for nearly a generation after that there were few newcomers, except the increasing number of retired officers and servants of the Company. There were not a few Chief Factors and Chief Traders whose accumulated wages and

THE FRASER HOME
—STILL STANDING

profits from the Company, greatly increased in some cases by investment in England or in Montreal, made them men of wealth. They had married wives of the country, and, on retiring to the banks of the Red, they built large, substantial and handsome houses in which they lived in comfort. They were content to end their days among familiar scenes and under an agreeable jurisdiction. They relied for their supplies and the necessaries of life upon the hunters and farmers of the settlement, and for their luxuries upon their annual importations from England, and, in later decades, from the United States by Red River carts across the plains. They all farmed on their own property. In their houses was furniture brought from England. Some of them brought out English carriages. Their wives and daughters kept lists of clothing and footwear and of many things needed for their households, for which they sent orders to England by the annual ship from York Factory; the things ordered one year were brought out by the next year's ship.

III. Comfort and Happiness

OF the women whose memories go back to the Red River era the oldest is Mrs. William Cowan, of Winnipeg, who in her ninety-second year is still so active of mind and body, and has such liveliness of interest in the present that there is little about her to suggest extreme old age except her long memory of persons and events. The house of her father, James Sinclair, a man notable in the history of the West, in which Mrs. Cowan was born on July 9th, 1832, was on the east bank of the Red River, a few miles below the present limits of the city of Winnipeg. She was christened Harriet Goldsmith Sinclair.

As she emerged from her infancy into childhood, it was to find herself in a world which she remembers as one of comfort and happiness, peopled by many cousins and aunts and uncles and other relatives outside her own home. One of her earliest memories is of being taken to visit her grandfather James Curtis Bird, a retired Chief Factor, who lived farther down the river, where he had three thousand acres extending back to Bird's Hill. "I remember my mother telling me when I was a schoolgirl," said Mrs. Cowan a few evenings before her ninety-first birthday, in recollecting her

C. F. Comfort
Henrietta Bowen

childhood, "that grandfather Bird was Governor at Brandon House when the men in war paint rode past on their way from the plains to Fort Douglas before the Seven Oaks massacre in 1816." The other grandfather, William Sinclair, had been Chief Factor at York Factory and Governor of that district. The Sinclairs have been identified with the Company since 1760. William Sinclair sent his sons to Edinburgh to be educated, as was usual with the higher officers of the Company. Mrs. Cowan's father, entered the Company's service as a young man; but he was too ambitious and energetic to be content with less than being an adventurous trader for himself. He had the prestige of the Sinclair name and the advantage of his Scottish education; and there is evidence it was with the knowledge and not without the consent of Sir George Simpson that he and Andrew McDermot, who was for a time his partner, became independent fur traders and were encouraged to compete with the United States traders trade at Pembina and so to help in preventing interference from south of the international boundary with the Company's trade in Rupert's Land.

"The first school to which I was sent as a little child," Mrs. Cowan said, "was a boarding school in a house at Point Douglas. It was begun by Mrs. Ingham, who had come out from England in 1833 as

a companion to Mrs. Lowman, who was brought out by Rev. Mr. Jones for the Red River Academy. As the youngest child in the school Mrs. Ingham used to have me sit by her side in the dining-room, and she used to give me the top of her egg at breakfast as a mark of special favor. Like Mrs. Lowman, Mrs. Ingham married not long after coming out to Red River. Robert Logan, who bought the Fort Douglas property, married her. My grandfather Bird married Mrs. Lowman. She had brought with her from London her piano, which was the first piano to be brought to Red River. She took it to her new home. When I was old enough to play on it it was given to me, and was moved to our new house, which stood on the west bank of the Red, where the customs warehouse is now, near the Grain Exchange building. Sheriff Ross's place, Colony Gardens, was north of our place. Ross's creek ran between the two properties. And next to us on the other side was Andrew McDermot's place. Mrs. Ross, Granny Ross, as she was later called by the whole settlement, was the daughter of an Okanagan chief. The Sheriff had spent many years in the service of the Company in Oregon, before he settled in Red River. She was a great favorite with us children. The Rosses, McDermots, Logans and ourselves were like one family. I remember that when John Black, who married a daughter of the Sheriff, was made a D.D., Granny

Ross, when she was told of it, clapped her hands and said: 'Now he is a doctor, and he can make us all well!' That was years after I was married. Old Mr. McDermot laughed a great deal at that, I remember. He was always telling stories and laughing, and singing old Irish songs. I remember his telling my husband and Consul Taylor how Sir George Simpson once sent some young men to him to get him drinking and then to get some information out of him that Sir George wanted. But they did not succeed. Mr. McDermot had them come in, and pretty soon after the decanters were set out on the table, he began to suspect what was beneath all the fun and jollity of the young men. That made him all the jollier, and he encouraged them to drink, but he saw to it that they drank a great deal more than he did, and by and by they were helpless. I remember that Consul Taylor asked him if the drink had had any effect upon him, and the old man said 'Oh no, I was all right, but when I got up there was something wrong with my feet. I could not get them straight. But I was not drunk. Oh, no! I was quite sober. You see, I knew they were trying to make me drunk.' Mr. McDermot came of a long-lived family, and he used to say that he had lived a regular easy life, free from care and worry, he expected to live to be a hundred; but he died at ninety-one. I remember him as he used to sit on the porch at his house, in his little

square oak chair, with his feet on the rung between the front two legs near the ground, both hands resting on his cane. When the steamboats came on the river he used to take pleasure in watching the arrivals. But he would never set foot on a steamer. And he never was on a train either. When the first train was run on this side of the Red there was an excursion on which we all went, and I remember my husband trying to persuade the old gentleman to come along. But he shook his head."

Mrs Cowan's father used to have sent out to him the bound annual volumes of the Illustrated London News, and she remembers that he used to explain the pictures. "And so I came to know in imagination, many scenes on the other side of the Atlantic," she added. "From old Mr. John Bunn, too, the father of Dr. John Bunn, I learned a good deal about the old country. He was often a visitor at our house, and was always jolly and amusing. I remember I used to think him the oldest person in the world. He took pleasure in telling us children stories about his early life. His last visit to London had been in 1797, and he remembered back to the French Revolution, and told us of the horror in England when the French King and Queen Marie Antoinette were beheaded. Earlier than that, he remembered the fires in London during the Lord George Gordon riots. We used to get him to tell us

about them when we were reading a new and famous book, Barnaby Rudge."

"My father was a busy man," said the remarkably clear-minded old lady, continuing her recollections, "and was often away on his journeyings, by dog trains in the winter, and by Red River cart trains in the summer over the plains. He used to take his furs to St. Peter's, on the Mississippi. He was the first to send furs from Rupert's Land to England independently of the Company. Often he went to St. Louis. Year after year Sir George Simpson tried in every way to get my father to join the Company, but my father preferred to be independent. At the same time, he was in perfect accord with Sir George about Oregon. They both felt strongly the importance of colonizing that territory with British settlers, so as to hold it under the British flag, and in the winter of 1840 they persuaded twenty-three Red River families to move to Oregon, with all their belongings, including their horses and cattle. Starting out in the spring of 1841, my father led them across the plains and through the mountains. I often heard him tell of the happenings on that long journey. None of the writers on the early history of the West have ever done justice to it. When my father came back from that first visit to Oregon, where he entered into business relations with John Jacob Astor, he continued in the fur trade more actively than ever. But

after 1844, when some United States traders actually came to Red River, and everybody in the settlement who had any means began to be engaged in the fur trade, the Company decided to put an end to all that."

On several afternoons and evenings of the past summer Mrs. Cowan chatted with the writer of these pages. Among other memories of childhood she told of being allowed to go to see a "magician" perform his wonders. "The McDermots let him use their kitchen for his entertainment," she said. "I can see yet the kitchen table behind which he stood. It had a cover with red and white checks, and on one corner of it were the buffalo sinews which were the price of admission. Each person who came to the entertainment had to pay one buffalo sinew on coming in. Most of all I remember his dark eyes and short brown beard, and his bold adventurous look. He was a buffalo hunter —Desjarlais was his name. I remember how I clung to Mary's hand, the servant in whose charge I was allowed to be taken to see the 'magician.' The kitchen was full of people. But Desjarlais was the only one I had eyes for. He smiled down at me as Mary laid two buffalo sinews on the table, and I clung all the harder to Mary's hand." On being asked about the buffalo sinews, Mrs. Cowan explained that among the products of the buffalo chase were the flat sinews which were taken from the buffalo's back. They were about

two feet long, and two inches wide; from them was obtained thread for sewing, coarse or fine as was desired, simply by pulling it off along the length of the sinew. Buffalo sinews were among the commonest articles of barter in Red River. "When the 'magician' put a watch under his hat, and then took up the hat and showed that the watch had become a potato," the old lady continued, "and then pulled an immense quantity of coloured ribbons from the hat, and did other things no less marvellous, I was lost in amazement and delight. It was like a fairy book coming true. I am not sure that some of the more simple-minded of the grown-up people weren't doubtful whether Desjarlais had had dealings with the Evil One."

From Mrs. Ingham's school the little Harriet Sinclair at the age of fourteen went to the Red River Academy, when Miss MacKenzie was in charge of the girls' house. "Miss MacKenzie was the second mistress after Mrs. Lowman," said Mrs. Cowan. "When my Grandfather Bird married Mrs. Lowman it left a vacancy in the school, which was not filled until Miss Armstrong was brought out from England. And in a couple of years she, too, was lost to the school. Peter Pruden, who, like my grandfather Bird, was a retired Chief Factor, married her. Mr. Pruden was a handsome man—the Prudens were all handsome. After his marriage he brought out from England a carriage and

a Dalmatian coach dog. I remember that a wild goose for some reason left the flight northward one spring and decided to spend the summer with the domestic geese at the Prudens. Before the end of the summer the wild goose and the spotted coach dog, which my young sister Maria used to say looked as if somebody had spilled a bottle of ink over him, became companions. We children used to think it fun to see the two creatures accompanying the Prudens' carriage when they drove to St. John's on Sunday, the dog running along, and the wild goose making short flights close to the ground. During church-time the two of them waited patiently under the carriage until the service was over. Sometimes when the wild goose was flapping along just over him we used to think the dog looked as if he thought that maybe his dignity as a carriage dog were being compromised. The wild goose joined the southern flight at the end of that summer, and came back to the Prudens' with the northern flight next spring. At the end of the second summer it went away and never came back."

Here a historical note may be interjected. When the Company undertook to establish the monopoly rights which it claimed, all its power was put in action to do away with fur trading by individuals, and no exception was made for James Sinclair and Andrew McDermot. The discontent among those who were

eager for "free trade" grew almost to the proportions of a rising against the Company. Governor Christie, who was in charge at Fort Garry, became alarmed, and in a letter to Sir George Simpson at Montreal suggested "a chain of outposts about the settlement," the "direct seizure of the furs," and "a body of disciplined troops, for the purpose of giving a still greater effect to our authority." At this time came the "Fifty-four-forty, or fight!" crisis in the Oregon dispute, and the British Government sent out a force of three hundred and forty-seven regulars, made up of a wing of the 6th Royal Regiment of Foot, a detachment of Royal Engineers and an Artillery detachment, under Major Crofton, "for the defence of the British settlements." Some were stationed at Fort Garry and some at the Stone Fort, as Lower Fort Garry was called. The presence of the officers and men of that military force enlivened the settlement by adding a new element of activity and color to its life.

The 1840's saw the ending of the Company's endeavors to suppress "free trade." James Sinclair was a leader in the conflict, which he and Alexander Isbister, as spokesman for all Red River who opposed monopoly, carried to London and brought before the House of Commons.

In the early summer of 1848, the Oregon trouble having blown over, and peace with the United States

being assured, the force of regulars returned to England. Later in the same year, Major Caldwell, in command of fifty-six pensioners who were to serve as a police force, came out from England; with them came as medical officer Dr. William Cowan. In March, 1848, the officers of the regulars, before their departure from Red River, gave a ball at Fort Garry. Mrs. Cowan remembers that she wore at that ball white kid gloves, which her father had brought from New York. They were the first white kid gloves seen in Red River. A letter dated at Fort Garry, March 12th, 1848, written by John Bunn to Donald Ross who for twenty-one years was Chief Factor at Norway House, says "the Misses Caroline Pruden and Margaret and Harriet Sinclair, were, I believe, considered the belles of the evening." Margaret Sinclair was Mrs. Cowan's cousin; she married one of the English officers. "Caroline Pruden was the most beautiful girl in Red River," said Mrs. Cowan, when this letter was shown to her. "And she kept her beauty all her life. When she was a grandmother she was lively and spirited and as fond of fun as a young girl, almost. At that ball in 1848 the polka was new. Somebody had just brought it from New York. There was a great deal of talk about it before the ball, and Mr. Pruden, who was a severe man with his family, had forbidden Caroline to dance it. She had been trying it, and had shown her stepmother how

it was danced, and at the ball she begged to be allowed to dance it, and her stepmother said she saw no harm in it. Mr. Pruden came to the door of the ballroom while the polka was being danced, and when he saw Caroline dancing it, he stood there scowling and waiting. The moment the dance was ended he held up his finger to her and said, 'Miss Disobedience, come here!' And he made her put on her wraps and made his wife come, too, and drove home with them. Poor Caroline! Her father was harsh and unreasonable at times, and grew worse as he grew older. As for me, for all that I thought myself a grown-up young lady, I had to go to school two years more after that ball at Fort Garry."

"In the spring of 1848 father took my younger sister Maria and me with him on his way to St. Louis, and left us at Knox College at Galesboro, in Illinois. We were three weeks travelling across the plains to St. Paul. We had three Red River carts with horses and a force of six men. The carts were without springs, of course, but with our bedding comfortably arranged in them, they did not jolt us so badly, except where the ground was very rough, and then we could get out and walk. On the way down we were joined by a party from Oregon, with four carts; with that party was the Roman Catholic bishop of that territory, Bishop Close. I remember that we met a man who was starving, a deserter from Fort Ripley, one of the little stockaded

places where small forces of United States cavalry were stationed. We told him how to get to the Roman Catholic Mission at Red Lake river. At St. Paul we had to wait three weeks for a boat to take us down the Mississippi to Oquaki, where my father hired a coach with four horses, which took us to Galesboro over roads that were almost impossible in places. But by that time we were used to rough roads and other discomforts of travel. My sister Maria, who was four years younger than I, thought it all great fun, as I did. We had the high spirits of youth, and my father seemed to us as young in spirit as we were ourselves, so that there was real companionship between the three of us. But it was in returning from Galesboro to Red River in the spring of 1850 that we learned what the real hardships of travel were, though, as I remember it, we enjoyed our adventures. My father had spent the winter in St. Louis. He was preparing to take his family to Oregon. Among the household goods he had taken down to St. Louis to be shipped around Cape Horn was our piano. He had it put in perfect order in St. Louis before it was packed for shipment. The ship in which it was sent was lost after rounding Cape Horn, and so the first piano that came to Red River found its last resting place on the bottom of the Pacific Ocean."

In that journey of 1848, which took her across the as yet unorganized Territory of Minnesota from north

to south, Mrs. Cowan saw the newly-built log cabin of Pierre Bottineau, which was then the only building on the site of Minneapolis, now a city of 400,000 people. In that whole vast area, greater by a third than the area of England and Scotland, the people of white blood and those of mixed blood numbered at that time only a few hundred. In coming from St. Louis in the spring of 1850 James Sinclair brought a number of wagons and heavy horses to be used in crossing the plains from Red River to Oregon. "I remember that on the way from Galesboro," said Mrs. Cowan, in telling of that journey, "we saw at Galena in Illinois a railway track which had just been built—the first I ever saw. But there was no railway train there for us to see, as we had been hoping there might be. As we came northward through Minnesota we found a great deal of the country flooded, and we had to come by a different route from the one we had travelled two years before. At Red Lake river, and again and again in order to cross other rivers and streams, rafts had to be made with branches of trees and the wheels of the Red River carts tied together and covered with oiled sheets of canvas. The wheels were made in dish shape, for that purpose; and the dish shape made them go better along uneven and slippery roads and prevented the carts from toppling over. James McKay, the best plainsman of that time, who was afterwards in the Legislative

Council of Manitoba, was in charge of our party. I remember that when a horse in trying to draw a cart across a swollen stream stuck in the middle helpless, James McKay unhitched the horse and got between the shafts himself and dragged the cart across. We had to keep on the lookout for the Indians, not the fierce Sioux of the prairies, but the Chippewas, who lived in the northern part of Minnesota, where there were lakes and forests. They were usually called the Pillagers. For several days we never lit a fire for fear they would see our smoke. At Pembina the water extended two miles out from the hill where Mr. Kittson had built his house. We stayed there four days, and then Mr. Kittson sent us in boats to Fort Garry. The expanse of water over which we voyaged from Pembina was in places eight miles wide. At night we had to tie up the boats to the trees, as it was not safe to go on in the dark."

On account of the flood in 1850 James Sinclair had to give up his plan of taking his family to Oregon that year. The start could not be made early enough. But Sir George Simpson induced him to go across himself to bring order to the confusion into which the business at some of the Company's posts at the coast had fallen. He made a rapid trip, crossing the Rockies through the Sinclair Pass, so named from his expedition of 1841, and came home by way of the Isthmus of Panama and

New York, visiting Havana on the way. Mrs. Cowan was interested keenly in the newspaper accounts of the opening, on June 30th last, of the automobile highway from Banff to Windermere, which goes through the Sinclair Pass. "My father used to tell us," Mrs. Cowan said, "that the time would come when a railway would be built through Sinclair Pass."

In 1851 John Black, the first Presbyterian minister in Western Canada, arrived in Red River. He came across the plains from St. Paul with the party of the first Governor of the Territory of Minnesota, who had travelled up with an escort of United States cavalry to make an Indian treaty at Pembina. Mr. Bond and Lieutenant Corley, of Governor Ramsey's party, came on to Red River with Mr. Black, and stayed here for two days. "I remember well their visit," Mrs. Cowan said. "When Mr. Bond and Lieutenant Corley went back a young Roman Catholic priest, Father Lacombe, travelled part of the way with them, whose name was afterwards made so well-known on account of his work among the Indians across the plains, and who at the time of the rebellion in 1885 kept the Blackfeet in Alberta neutral. The people of the different denominations in Red River were all the best of friends. I remember that when Bishop Mountain of Quebec, the first Church of England bishop to set foot in Red River, came here in 1844, he and Bishop Provencher, the first

Roman Catholic bishop in St. Boniface, visited each other. Bishop Mountain confirmed me while he was here. The first Bishop of Rupert's Land, Bishop Anderson, came out to York Factory in 1849, on the same ship as Dr. Cowan. I remember hearing him say that on the day before he left England he was introduced to the Duke of Wellington at Trinity House by Sir John Pelly, who was then the Deputy Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company. That was a good many years after the battle of Waterloo, and the Duke was was then very nearly eighty. On hearing that Bishop Anderson was coming out to this country on a ship to Hudson Bay, the Duke asked, 'And will you then be anywhere near the Red river?'

"Bishop Anderson was a man of dignity and kindliness and soon was beloved by the entire settlement. He wore lavender kid gloves when he preached." The old lady smiled at a recollection. "In my husband's diary, which is now in the Dominion archives at Ottawa," she went on, "there is an entry recording that Bishop Anderson preached for an hour and a half, and that during the last half hour of the sermon my husband was suffering from a raging toothache. And that reminds me that when John Ryerson, the Methodist missionary minister, came to Red River in 1854, and went up to Norway House where a Methodist mission had been established soon after 1840, he went to hear

Bishop Anderson preach one Sunday morning in St. John's. Mr. Black had invited him to preach to his congregation down in Kildonan that morning, but he preached at the afternoon service there instead, so that he could hear the Bishop in the forenoon. I met Mr. Ryerson, and remember him well. The letters he wrote to Toronto while he was in the West were published afterwards and made a very interesting book — one of the most interesting of all the missionary books. There was no missionary in the West who had a more remarkable life than James Evans who labored north of Lake Winnipeg in the forties and was the inventor of the Cree syllabic alphabet. But I was telling you about Mr. Ryerson. We were all amused at what he wrote about Bishop Anderson's sermon, that it lasted for an hour and twenty minutes, which was at least forty minutes too long. Mr. Ryerson was quite right about that, just as he was right when he wrote that the Bishop was a good and kind and devoted man." Mrs. Cowan still has a book bound in white silk, with "A Wedding Gift" lettered in gold on the cover, which Bishop Anderson gave her when she was married. In speaking of sermons, she mentioned Archdeacon Cochrane's unconventional way of interrupting himself in a sermon to administer a rebuke to some inattentive listener, and the clear and somewhat vivid language he would use on occasion. There was a man-of-all-work attached

to his domestic establishment, whose fondness for stimulating drink had caused the Archdeacon inconvenience and sorrow many times. At last this man visited a house in the neighborhood of St. Andrew's where a large brewing was in progress, and there he drank a great deal of ale warm from the vat. That night he died from the effects of his over-indulgence. The Archdeacon in preaching the funeral sermon, took occasion to utter warnings intended for others left alive who, in his opinion, needed to take such warnings to heart. In describing the death of a drunkard, the Archdeacon said, "And he poured and he drank! And he poured and he drank! And he danced about like a cock on red hot cinders!" "I remember that one Sunday in spring," Mrs. Cowan said, "some ladies came to St. John's with hats trimmed with bright colors. Archdeacon Cochrane paused in his sermon to speak of those gay hats, and said he hoped that the heads beneath them were not being visited by thoughts about finery and vanity in the house of the Lord."

Speaking of the first St. Boniface cathedral, Mrs. Cowan said that the first organ used there was made by Dr. Duncan, who was the medical officer with the regulars. "It was a small organ," she said, "or rather a melodeon, but everybody thought it almost miraculous of Dr. Duncan to make it. He was devoted to music and was a very ingenious man. Sister Lagrave,

who played the piano beautifully, accomplished wonders with that little organ. But more wonderful was the work of decorating the interior walls and ceiling of the first cathedral which was done by Sister Lagrave and two of the other sisters. I remember seeing them on high scaffoldings painting the beautiful festoons of flowers and other decorations. Sister Lagrave came from France. She was a handsome woman. I remember, too, Sister Ste. Thérèse, who was also gifted and accomplished. Years after that, Father Laflèche, one of the priests at St. Boniface, who afterwards was Bishop of Three Rivers, used to visit us and play on our piano. He was a fine musician, and used to make copies of my music and give me copies of his." When the first St. Boniface cathedral, the chimes in whose "turrets twain" still sound in Whittier's well-known poem, was burned down in 1860, the bells were melted in the fire, and the metal was sent back to France to be used in making the bells which hang in the present cathedral. Mrs. Cowan tells that when they were hung in the second cathedral, Bishop Taché selected two of the children of Governer McTavish, young James McTavish and his twin sisters, Mary and Florence, to be the godfather and the godmothers of three of them. "I remember," said Mrs. Cowan, "the bells were brought down from the Bay by my uncle Thomas Sinclair in one of his brigades of York boats. When he and

Caroline Pruden were married they went to York Factory on their wedding journey. On their way back the bells for St. Andrew's church down at the Rapids, which are still rung every Sunday, were brought in one of the boats, and at the first stopping place the boatmen took the bells and hung them to trees and rang a chime in honor of the bride, and then climbed the highest tree at that place and trimmed it so as to make it a lob-stick, in memory of that chiming of bells in the wilderness." The old lady smiled as she added, "Of course, the boatmen knew that my uncle would give them their 'regale' of rum."

During the great flood of 1852 the Sinclairs had to move out to Sturgeon Creek and live in tents for two months. "I remember," said Mrs. Cowan, "our coming down in boats to visit Dr. Cowan, who had joined the Company, and Judge Black. The two of them had lived in the same house in Fort Garry and remained there in charge during the whole time of the flood. The other officials had moved down to the Stone Fort, which stood high above the flood. It was very hot weather. The water was up to the level of the upper floors of their house. Dr. Cowan told me that one morning he waked up to find a large frog sitting on his pillow. I remember we walked along the high gallery that ran inside the wall around Fort Garry, from which you could look out over the walls."

In 1852 Mrs. Cowan was married. She still has her wedding dress, and a China silk shawl, heavily embroidered, which was one of her father's gifts at her wedding. Not until 1854 did James Sinclair carry out his plan of taking his family to Oregon—"all except me," said the old lady, touching softly the seventy-one-years-old wedding dress, which she had laid out on a chair by her. "Sir George Simpson succeeded at last in getting my father to join the Company, but it was only on condition that he should be free to carry on lumbering and cattle and horse ranching in Oregon, where he had already bought timber land and ranching land. He took out with him his own family and fourteen other families of settlers, and when he arrived in Oregon he took charge of Fort Walla Walla." After her father left Red River in 1854, Mrs. Cowan never saw him again. He was killed on March 26th, 1856, at the Cascades of the Columbia, after the two days' siege of Fort Walla Walla by a force of Yakimas and other Indians, which was ended by the arrival of Lieutenant Phil Sheridan (who was afterwards the famous General Sheridan of the Civil War) with a body United States cavalry.

In 1856 Dr. Cowan was appointed to Moose Factory. He and his family made the journey of twelve hundred miles to that post in four weeks. "We took with us our two young children," said Mrs. Cowan, in

telling of that journey. "We went from Fort Garry in a large canoe — a *canot du nord*, as it was called, about thirty feet long, light, and wonderfully strong. It had a wooden grating on the bottom to protect the birchbark. We had buffalo robes and blankets for our bedding, and tarpaulins to shield us from the rain. In bad weather the tarpaulins were stretched over the tents at our camping places. Our luggage and supplies had to be as light as possible. We had a large kettle, a frying pan and a teakettle, all of iron, for ourselves; and the men had the same. The men had flint and steel and touchwood. My husband had wax vestas, which we used to get from England in tin boxes. One of the paddlers was also cook; the men cooked for themselves. I remember we took with us a couple of wicker trunks. Our heavy trunks and other heavy things were sent up to York Factory to be taken in the Company's ship to England, and brought back next year across the Atlantic to us by the ship coming to Moose Factory. Our canoe, which had a crew of eight men, took us down the Red to Lake Winnipeg, across to Fort Alexander at the mouth of the Winnipeg River, and up that river more than two hundred miles, with its many falls and rapids, which meant many portages. We crossed Lac Seul or Lac Sal (it was known by both names), a long lake which is like the Thousand Islands portion of the St. Lawrence, and on to the

height of land, and after that travelled by many lakes and streams. We hoisted sail whenever we had a favoring wind. From Martin's Falls we went three hundred miles down the Albany River in smooth swift water all the way, to its mouth on James Bay, where we came to Fort Albany, which stands on an island at the mouth of that river. There we left our canoe and went the hundred miles from Fort Albany, the salt water part of our travelling, in an open boat along the coast to Moose Factory, or Moose Fort as it was usually called. James Bay is in that part of it shallow, and when the tide is out, unless there is a wind from the north, the water is so far away from the shore as to be out of sight. On the first evening, when the men were rowing towards a place on the shore where we thought we might camp for the night, the boat grounded and was left high and dry by the tide, which went out rapidly because there was an offshore wind. Some of the men walked the long distance to shore, scrambling over rocks and through mud, and brought back firewood, and made a fire on the rocks near our boat to boil our kettle, and after supper we made ourselves as comfortable as we could to await the turning of the tide. Fortunately there was not a wind to bring back the water with a rush. On our way to the mouth of the Moose River we saw several white whales and many seals. And when at last we came to Moose Fort, which

like Fort Albany is on an island at the mouth of the river, I thought it a delightful place. Sir George Simpson who was constantly travelling over the length and breadth of the land, had told me that Moose Fort was the prettiest spot between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

The next six years Mrs. Cowan spent at Moose Fort. "I was happy there," the old lady said. "My husband and I had everything to make us contented. Our children were young. We were all young. We had health and everything we needed." When Dr Cowan was transferred back to Fort Garry they had planned to go not by the way they had come, but down to Sault Ste. Marie and through United States territory to St. Paul and back across the plains. But through an error made in the Company's office in Montreal they had to return by the way they went, and so they escaped having to journey through Minnesota in the summer of 1863 when the Sioux were on the warpath and the little settlements were scenes of massacre. "It took us longer to come back over that twelve hundred miles," said Mrs. Cowan, "chiefly because of the hard, heavy work in tracking up the Albany river, when the men had to haul the canoe against the current. Before we started from Moose Fort we arranged to have our trunks and heavy boxes taken by the Company's ship to England and brought

out the next year to York Factory and from there brought down to Fort Garry. There were two ships each year, one direct to York Factory and straight back from there, and the other direct to Moose Fort. I remember we left Moose Fort on July 8th, in wet weather. I was wearing long waterproof Eskimo moccasins of sealskin up to my knees. We arrived at Fort Garry on September 8th. The crew of Indians who brought us from Fort Albany to Lac Seul would come no farther. They were afraid of the Indians they would meet on this side of the height of land. We had to wait there three days until the Indians who were to bring us on to Fort Garry arrived. There was only one man among them who had ever been to Fort Garry, and that was twenty years before. I remember I was at first a little afraid of those Indians, but we soon found that they were very good-natured. They would travel for miles to find a good place for the camp at night, and would cut brush, and go to great trouble to make everything comfortable for the children and me. Indeed, they were very kind to us. When it rained we would put the tarpaulin over us, and I remember how suffocating it was under it in the canoe. The butter we brought with us went to oil. The heat and monotony in such weather were trying for the children. The Indians used to show them how to weave rushes. They did everything they could to please the children

and keep them amused." The old lady smiled over one of her memories of the ending of that journey from Moose Fort. "When we got back to Red River," she said, "the children and I stayed a while at my uncle Thomas Sinclair's house at the Rapids. He had married Caroline Pruden. I remember Caroline insisted that I should have a hoopskirt. 'My dear Harriet,' she exclaimed, 'you cannot possibly go out as you are!' I was wearing clothes more in the present style than was fashionable then in Red River."

In June last at the time of the Provincial general elections in Ontario Mrs. Cowan was interested in the account given in the newspapers of the journey of an airplane with a deputy returning officer on board to Moose Fort, in order that the ballots marked by the few electors in that district might be taken to Toronto and counted at once, without the long delay there would have been if they had to be waited for while they were travelling by land and water from that far wilderness. "How amazed the Indians would have been if an airplane had appeared over James's Bay sixty years ago!" she said. "But no more so than my husband and I should have been, I am sure."

After the return from Moose Fort, Mrs. Cowan lived within the walls of Fort Garry until 1864, when Dr. Cowan and herself, with their three children, went to England in order to leave their children there to be

educated. The journey of seven hundred miles to York Factory, on Hudson Bay, by the Red river, Lake Winnipeg, and the Nelson, was one which they were destined to make again six years later, during the Red River insurrection. They arrived at York Factory on the evening that the Company's ship Prince of Wales came to anchor, after suffering injury from running on a reef near Mansfield Island. Her sister ship, the Prince Arthur, was lost on the same reef. "The captains of both ships were on their first voyages out from England," said Mrs. Cowan, "and did not give the reef a wide enough berth. Captain Sennett, of the Prince of Wales, was ready to start back for England, with his ship as she was. But Dr. Cowan, as the senior officer of the Company then at York Factory, ordered an examination of the ship to be made. When Captain Sennett saw how badly she was injured, he said, 'God Almighty alone brought us here safely!' A small chartered ship, the Ocean Nymph, which had crossed with the two Company's ships and had kept clear of the reefs, took the crew of the Prince of Wales and the survivors from the Prince Arthur back to England, and we went on her. Captain James of that little ship was a skilful navigator. He used to say, 'I takes my ship out, and I brings my ship in.' There were sixty people on board, and it was exceedingly uncomfortable. As we approached England, the first ship which saw

us, with our deck crowded, reported us, and the news that the Ocean Nymph was coming in with a crowd of people on board gave them the first intimation at Hudson's Bay House in London that something had happened to the two Company's ships. It was when we were in England that time that we first became acquainted with Donald Smith, who was afterwards Lord Strathcona. An old friend of ours in London was Alexander Isbister, who had gone across with my father years before, and had remained in England. He was now headmaster of the Stationers' Company's School, and lived in the famous house in Bolt Court which had been Dr. Johnson's — a house I became as familiar with as with our own house in Fort Garry. Mr Isbister never married. He brought his mother and his two sisters over to London to live with him. "

"While we were in London I remember being at a dinner given by Donald Smith at which he presented a silver cup to Captain Hurd, of the Prince Rupert, a new ship of the Company, in which we returned. The silver cup was a gift, in remembrance of a pleasant voyage which Miss Hardisty, who was then Mrs. Smith, had made with Captain Hurd. While we were in England we visited my cousin Margaret, whose husband was now General Darling; she never crossed the Atlantic again."

"We left Stromness, on our return voyage in June,

1865, and got to York Factory in September. We were seventeen days fast in the ice in the Strait. Another ship of the Company, the Lady Head, which was with us, was icebound about half a mile from us. I remember the captain of the Lady Head, the ship that went every year to Moose Fort, invited us to dinner one day, and persuaded us to stay for supper, to which we were just sitting down when there came a cry 'The ice is moving!' We had to hurry back to our own ship. Before we could get back on board the Prince Rupert they had to put down a ladder so that we could cross the open water in a wide crack in the ice. A few days later, when both ships were icebound again, there was another invitation from the captain of the Lady Head to go to dinner on his ship, but we thought it safer to decline it." When they arrived at York Factory it was too late in the year to start on the long journey to Red River. They came on as far as Norway House, and wintered there.

Mrs. Cowan's memories of the 1860's include the visits of several distinguished travellers to Fort Garry. The Earl of Dunmore was one. He showed that he was a more skilful performer on the bagpipes than Piper John McLellan, who on summer evenings in full Highland garb used to march around the gallery that ran inside the walls of the Fort, near the top, lustily blowing his pipes. Another visitor was the present

Duke of Richmond and Gordon, now near his eightieth year, who as a young man in his twenties came to this country to kill buffaloes and bears. Among the events in the closing years of that decade was the cyclone in July, 1868, which destroyed the half-built Holy Trinity Church in the village of Winnipeg. "Mrs. MacLean, the wife of the Archdeacon, set us to work to help in rebuilding the church," said Mrs. Cowan. "I remember she assembled half a dozen of us at a sewing party. There were her cousin, Miss Still, who was afterwards Mrs. William Drever, Miss Drever, who became Mrs. Pinkham and is still living (her husband is Bishop of Calgary), Mrs. Clare, who was afterwards Mrs. Jack Allan, Harriet Inkster, who was afterwards Mrs. McMurray, and myself. When we had sewed until it was time to go home, Mrs. MacLean, who had brought in candles, made us have tea, and presently the Archdeacon came in, and with him Bishop Machray. He presented the figure of a bashful bachelor who had not expected to be ushered into a roomful of women at tea. 'My lord,' said the Archdeacon, 'the ladies are building a church with their needles!' But that was not the first organized women's work in Red River. In the spring of that same year there was a plague of grasshoppers, the buffalo hunt of that year was a failure, and the rabbits and prairie chickens almost completely disappeared. There was great distress in Red River,

and relief work had to be carried on, in which the women took an active part. That relief work was the first organized women's work in Red River."

In October, 1869, the Red River insurrection began. Dr. Cowan was acting Governor, on account of the illness of Governor McTavish, when Louis Riel, entering with an armed force, took possession of Fort Garry. He made a prisoner of Dr. Cowan. "Riel told me I might go," said Mrs. Cowan, "but I decided to stay with my husband. There was a back door to our house, which Riel's men did not know of, and James Anderson the storekeeper at the Fort, used to manage to come to it at night and tell us the news during that terrible winter. I was never afraid of Riel until after he shot Scott, early in March. Donald Smith and I stood at a window of our house and saw poor Scott led out blindfolded, to be shot. Soon after that Riel ordered us out of our house, where Donald Smith lived with us, and we had to go to more crowded quarters in another house within the walls of the Fort. Governor McTavish, who was a dying man, was at Fort Garry. He wanted to go to England, and to have my husband go with him. Riel was willing to let the Governor go, but refused to let my husband leave Red River. The Governor and Mrs. McTavish went to England; he died two days after their landing in Liverpool, in July. It was in July that my husband and I, who were then

living at the Stone Fort, made our preparations for escape. Governor McTavish had prevailed on Riel to let us move down there. My husband went up to Fort Garry two or three times a week; I never knew whether he would be allowed to come back. Mounted men were stationed near the Stone Fort by Riel. When we had all our preparations made and a York boat loaded, we started off for Lake Winnipeg as fast as our crew could row. One of Riel's mounted men galloped off to Fort Garry, to tell him of our escape, but before we could be overtaken we were out on the lake and on our way northward to York Factory. We had one child with us. When we got to York Factory we had to wait a few weeks until the ship sailed in which we crossed to England. That was my third voyage across the Bay and through the Strait. When we returned from England two years later, we came on a ship that brought us to Montreal."

Many more pages of this book could be filled with the recollections of Mrs. Cowan; but she disclaims earnestly any place of importance for herself among the women of Red River. "It is true my memory goes back a good many years," she said, "but I beg of you not to make too much of my experiences. After all, I was one of the sheltered women of Red River. There are women living who can tell you more that is worth preserving than my recollections are. They can tell

you about the life of the families of the settlers brought out by Lord Selkirk, and of the other people of the settlement. I think often of the privations and the sufferings of those early settlers. I remember that my husband told me Dr. Bunn told him of an old woman down in Kildonan, one of the Selkirk settlers, who died, he said, from longing for her old home in the Highlands. 'Oh, if I could only see a hill, I think I would live!' she cried, poor soul. As for me, I was born here and belonged to this country, and was happy in the conditions of my life. I never knew the loneliness and homesickness of exile." The gentle old lady was silent a while, and then, surprisingly, as if she were repeating the familiar lines to herself, in unconsciousness of any hearer, she said:

"From the lone shieling of the misty island
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas—
But still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides."

Recalling herself, she smiled. "I remember," she said, "that when I was a schoolgirl I used to see the women of the Selkirk settlement coming up from Kildonan to attend the services in St. John's, in their blue cloaks and wearing white, starched, high-crowned mutches, tied under their chins, with pleated frills on each side of the face, and a black silk handkerchief across the top for decoration. I remember many weddings in

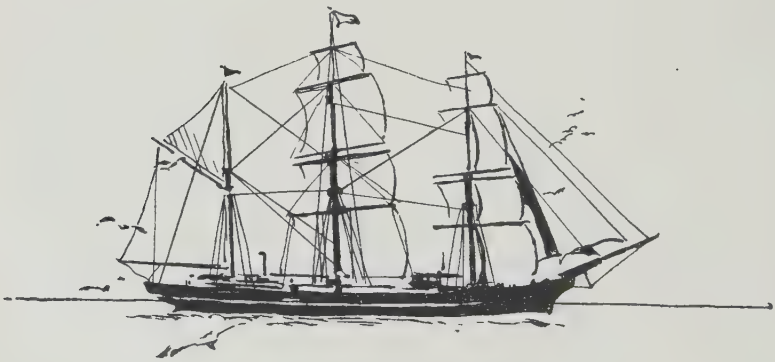
Kildonan. The dancing used to be kept up all night, and when dawn came the bride, who had been bare-headed from the beginning of the wedding party, put on a white cap — not a mutch, but a little lace-trimmed cap. After Mr. Black came, the people of his flock gave up for a while the dancing at weddings, until at one wedding, where Dr. Bunn and my husband were both guests, one of the doctors said to the other, 'I'll get a fiddler, and do you have partners ready for the two of us.' Soon the cry went out, 'The doctors are dancing!' And then everybody was dancing, and after that wedding there were no weddings in Kildonan without the dancing, as of old. We had many happy times in Red River. At Christmas there used to be three weeks of parties. But you have promised to make no more notes."

Two grandsons of Mrs. Cowan, whom she brought up from an early age, went to the front with Winnipeg battalions in the Great War. Both were at the front until the War ended. The elder was an aviator after 1917. The younger was only sixteen years of age when the War began; he enlisted the day after he was eighteen. The trains on which they left Winnipeg went out in the evening, and Mrs. Cowan was down at the station to see each of them off. To each of her grandsons, after kissing him before he went on board his train, she said the same words, "Good night, my

dear." In August last Mrs. Cowan was visited by her sister, Mrs. H. C. Stanton, of Roseburg, Oregon. Mrs. Stanton, who is now a widow, was two years old when Mrs. Cowan last saw her, in 1854, when she saw her father also for the last time, on his departure for the coast. Last spring Mrs. Stanton invited Mrs. Cowan to come out to Oregon and visit her. Mrs. Cowan wrote in a letter to her sister, "I should be glad to go, but I cannot leave the children." The children are the two young men, her grandsons, veterans of the Great War.

A serene spirit shines through the bodily fragility of the gentle, gracious old lady. She has been a widow for nearly a quarter of a century; in 1902 her husband and she were preparing to celebrate their golden wedding, but Dr. Cowan died only a few weeks before that anniversary. Her memory is remarkably strong and vivid; but though she lives much in the past, she maintains interest in the life going on about her. She visits her friends, and is happy in having them visit her. On the day before her ninety-first birthday, when the writer of these pages called on Mrs. Cowan, she was laughing like a young girl with her daughters, Miss Anna Cowan and Miss Harriet Cowan, over the trouble she was having with her hair, which had been washed that morning; it was a day of humid heat in Winnipeg, and the old lady's hair, which is white and surprisingly

thick, was unmanageably curly. Her hearing is still good; but her eyesight is becoming dimmed. She is a widely read woman; though books are read to her now. One of the books she had has read to her since her ninetieth birthday is Lytton Strachey's Queen Victoria. Her aged eyes cannot see the prairie sunsets as well as they could a few years ago, or the wildflowers with which each return of spring paints the prairies; but sunsets that faded from the western sky long years ago still shine in her memory, and there are prairie flowers, pressed these many years between the yellowing leaves of old letters, that still retain their beauty and fragrance for her.



THE "LADY HEAD"

IV. In Old Kildonan

AMONG the first women who crossed the Atlantic from Scotland to bear a part in the hardships and labors of founding the Selkirk settlement, Catherine McPherson was one of those whose names have been held specially in memory by succeeding generations in Kildonan. The names of the pioneer women of the families of the Sutherlands, McKays, Bannermans, MacBeths, Mathesons, Munroes, Gunns, Campbells, Frasers, Polsons, Stewarts, Hendersons, McLeods, and others in Kildonan and of the Sinclairs, Inksters, Taits, Norquays and other of the Orkney families — names cut in the gravestones in the burial grounds of St. John's and the Kildonan kirk (for the Selkirk settlers' families were of the parish of St. John's until the kirk was built) — are all cherished faithfully in the traditions of the families that made up the community of dwellers on the banks of the Red river in the old days. The name of Kate McPherson is associated with the traditions of the ship fever in 1812. Under the direction of the ship's surgeon, Laserre, a nephew of General Brock, she nursed the sufferers; and after his death in the winter camp near the mouth of the Churchill river, the other women looked to her for direction in

the care of the fever-stricken. Miss Bannerman, who is now in her eighties, said to Mrs. W. R. Black, a granddaughter of Catherine McPherson, who was present when Miss Bannerman was giving her recollections for these pages, "We Bannermans have always had a special affection for you Sutherlands, because of the way Kate McPherson nursed my uncle John before he died in the winter camp on the Churchill." In the march to York Factory the courage of Kate McPherson strengthened the waverers in the line. The Kildonan women surviving from the middle decades of the last century remember that their mothers spoke often of Kate McPherson as a woman whose kind heart and strong character were proved in the early years of calamity and disaster.

In the same party of Selkirk settlers with Kate McPherson came Alexander Sutherland, a young man who had served in the Peninsular war in a Highland regiment. At Corunna, when the burial party at dead of night were turning the sod with their bayonets to lay the body of Sir John Moore at rest, Alexander Sutherland lay helpless with the wound which ended his military service. He was taken on board one of the ships which carried the British troops home from Corunna; his grandchildren remember that he used to tell that it was with a sad heart he saw the remnant of his regiment march off without him. Alexander Sutherland

and Catherine McPherson were married soon after their arrival on the banks of the Red river, and they began their married life in a log house which he built on the river lot as a freehold from Lord Selkirk. Sutherland Avenue in Winnipeg runs from where that log house stood on the river bank at Point Douglas through what was Sutherland lot.

For some reason of which there is no memory in the family, Alexander Sutherland, alone of the Selkirk settlers, did not live in Kildonan. There was a wide bend of the Red between his river lot on the west bank of the river and the Matheson lot, which was the nearest of the Kildonan homesteads to the Sutherland homestead. Beginning with the Matheson homestead, Kildonan extended down the west bank of the river for nearly four miles. The homesteads of the settlers lay side by side. Each had a small frontage on the river and ran back to the hay lands on the open prairies. These river lots were in many cases divided later on among the sons of the families with a river frontage for each son; so that when the Ontario people came to Manitoba and saw the narrow farms in Kildonan they said that the Selkirk settlers' families "farmed on lanes." The settlements of the French-speaking people of Red River up the Red and along the Assiniboine as far as Portage la Prairie, were likewise laid out in narrow river lots extending backwards two miles with

a two mile strip of common pasture land beyond; that system of land surveys had been brought from Quebec, and all the early settlement was planned in the belief that the land back from the rivers was not good for farming. Through the Kildonan homesteads ran the river trail, which became a main travelled road. Between the road and the river were the houses of the settlers, who had thus all the advantages of closeness to the river and the protection of nearness to neighbors. The settlers raised horses and cattle as soon as it was possible to bring a few to Red River; but it was not until several decades had passed that they began to rear sheep in any great number, for they were afraid that the wolves would destroy the flocks. Sheep raising proved notably successful, and as soon as the women of the Selkirk settlement began to spin, there was a great improvement in the domestic life of the settler. Angus Polson who was a worker in wood, was the chief maker of spinning wheels in Kildonan. The weaver's loom came to be a familiar sight in many of the houses.

Alexander Ross, who was afterwards Sheriff of Red River, has recorded in his book, Fur Hunters of the Far West, his arrival on July 2nd, 1825, at the mouth of the Red river after his journey across the continent from the coast where since 1813 he had been in the fur trade. As he came up the river he met some Indians who took him to their chief, Peguis, whom he refers to

as "Seigneur Pigwise," and describes as "a short stout middle-aged man, with an expressive countenance, who introduced himself to us by showing his medal, and a paper signed by Lord Selkirk stating him to be a steady friend of the whites." Farther up the river Ross, who was on horseback, "met a fellow dressed in red leggings, with a bunch of feathers stuck in his cap, and in his hand a coil of shaganappe, like a Piegan horse-thief," whom he asked to direct him to the road to Fort Garry. The man pointed south, and upon Ross saying that he could see no road, replied, "There is no road, but we go that way." Farther on he saw "a small isolated dwelling among the trees skirting the river." Continuing a mile or two, he met one of the Selkirk settlers, who in answer to a question said that "there were no towns, nor villages, nor merchants in the colony."

> I then asked him if there were any magistrates or any gaols; and he replied in the negative. "Then," said I, "you must consider honesty a virtue." He answered me by saying "there is hardly a lock and key, bolt or bar, on any dwelling-house, barn, or store amongst us and our windows are parchment without any shutters." "That," said I, "speaks well for the honesty of the inhabitants." In answer to some other questions, he informed me that there were no mills in the colony, nor hardly any attempt at machinery of any sort. With regard to provisions, beef, the principal article of food, there being no sheep in the colony, was two shillings and fourpence per stone, flour twenty shillings per hundredweight, and butter ninepence per pound.

"The house my grandfather and grandmother lived in at Point Douglas near where Louise bridge is now," said Mrs. Black, in recalling her memories, "was across the river from the house of the father of Louis Riel. Louis Riel, père, as he was known, was born in the far North-west. He had been for years in Lower Canada where he had worked in a woollen mill, and came back to the West in the service of the Company, which he soon gave up to enter the church. But after a few years with the Oblate Brotherhood he gave that idea up, too, and took to the plains as a buffalo hunter, and then 'went to the sea,' which meant making the trip to the Bay. He started a mill for carding wool near the Seine river, but gave it up and took to farming. I can shut my eyes now and see the white-washed log house of the Riels. They were all French-speaking people in that neighborhood across the river from us. Near the Riels lived one of the Lagimonières on the river lot which Lord Selkirk had given to his father, Jean Baptiste Lagimonière, in reward for the service which he had done in carrying important messages from Fort Douglas to Lord Selkirk in Montreal in the winter before the Seven Oaks massacre. We often heard as children the story of how he left in the beginning of the winter and did not get back until the end of the following year. On his way back the Nor'-Westers were on the lookout for him and had offered

the Indians two kegs of rum, a cash reward of twenty pounds, and a lot of tobacco, for his capture. A party of Indians caught him on the shore of Lake Superior west of Fort William, around which he was making a detour. They kept him a prisoner in Fort William for months, and in the meantime his wife lived in Fort Douglas and afterwards with the Indian band of Chief Peguis. Louis Riel, père, was married to one of his daughters. The Lagimonière property was sold for a large sum of money in the boom period of 1880. I have said so much about the Riels and the Lagimonières because they and the other French-speaking families who were our neighbors are associated with my earliest memories almost as much as the English-speaking families of Red River.

"My father, John Sutherland, was the only child of his parents, and after his marriage to Janet MacBeth my grandfather and grandmother always lived with my father and mother," Mrs. Black continued. "In the great flood of 1852 the house on Point Douglas was carried away, and my father, while still continuing to own his Red River lot, bought land directly across the river from it and built a house there, in which I was born in 1857. As a result of our being on the other side of the river we were in closer contact with the French-speaking people, and my father and mother and our whole family naturally came to speak French

MRS. F. H. FRANCIS

MRS. W. R. BLACK

MRS. NEIL CAMPBELL

as well as English, and as we saw a great deal of the Indians we also had a working knowledge of Cree. The French people used to come to the house constantly to consult my father about their affairs, and in that way he came to be a link between them and the Kildonan people. He was a member of the Council of Assiniboia, and had the trust and liking of the people on both sides of the river, and he gave proof of his public spirit in the troubles of 1869-70 in a way that justified the public confidence in him. The first life sacrificed in those troubles was that of my second eldest brother, John Hugh, a young man of twenty-one, who, while riding on a mission of peace, was shot by a simple-minded young French-Canadian, Parisien by name, who was really not responsible for what he did. His father came to our house in tears after that terrible thing happened. I was only a little girl then, but I remember well the grief and the anxiety of that time." When the Province was established in 1870 John Sutherland was made Sheriff of Manitoba; and in the following year he was appointed to the Senate by the Government of Sir John A. Macdonald."

"I can remember as well as I remember anything in all my life," said Mrs. Black, "the morning my father went into my grandfather's bedroom and came out and called to my mother in a voice which I had never heard from him before. He used always to call her 'Mother.'

I had very rarely heard him call her 'Janet.' On that morning when he called 'Janet,' there was something in his voice that frightened me. Grandfather had died during the night in his sleep. Grandmother called us all to his bedside, and she said quietly, 'Let us join in prayer.' And then my dear grandmother thanked God for having given grandfather so peaceful an ending to his long life of faithfulness to the Divine guidance, and she prayed that the kindness of the Heavenly Father would be with her in the short time that remained before she was taken to join him. I was only a child, but it made me feel how very near God was to us. That prayer of my dear grandmother was simply an expression of the deep religious life of the Kildonan people. They always felt that God was close to them.

"It was in midsummer that my grandfather died. After his death my grandmother became frailer in body, but her spirit was strong. She was in her eighty-seventh year, but she never needed glasses to read her Bible. I have her Testament yet, and there is still in it the brown silk ribbon, with the words, stitched in brown silk, "Lord teach me to pray." That Testament, with the ribbon in it, she brought with her from her home in the Highlands when she came across the Atlantic as Catherine McPherson to this far land more than a hundred years ago. She lived only a few months after my grandfather's death. All the Kildonan people

felt the greatest affection for her. We were all like one family in Kildonan, and indeed the actual family relations were intertwined closely. My grandmother grew weak as winter came on. I remember that one morning I bounded out of bed and ran to Granny's bed and crept in with her. She opened her eyes and said to me, 'My dear, the angels have just been with me. They were coming to take me away if you had not wakened me. I heard them singing as they were coming for me.' With the tears running down my face I said that I did not want the angels to take my Granny away. A few weeks after that she died, as peacefully as my grandfather had died.

"Her brother, John McPherson, who came across in the ship with her, was one of the men who were taken east as witnesses in the legal proceedings which followed upon some of the acts of violence that were done in the fur trade war. Angus McKay, the father of the child born on the march from the winter camp to York Factory in 1813, was another. They never came back to the West. Some years ago when I was in Ontario I saw Angus McKay, then a very old man, at Wallaceburg near the Lake Erie shore. John McPherson had settled on a farm in that neighborhood, but he was dead. I visited his grandchildren. My grandmother never saw her brother after he went east about the time of her marriage."

Although it was not until 1851 that John Black, the first Presbyterian minister in the West, arrived in Red River, the Selkirk settlers, who never ceased in their efforts to have a minister of their own, as Lord Selkirk had promised them, maintained their religious life devotedly. In one of the first parties of settlers was an elder of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, James Sutherland, who had authority to baptize and to marry. The first Church of England missionary, John West, arrived in 1820, and he and his successors were unresting in their work of providing Red River with churches and schools. Out of consideration for the strongly held convictions of the Presbyterian people and their austere preference for a plain form of public prayer and worship, certain modifications were made in the Church of England services and the psalms were sung in the metres and to the tunes used by the Presbyterian people. The Presbyterian people at the services in St. John's followed the practice of the kirk in Scotland from which mountains divided them and the waste of seas, in standing to pray and sitting down to sing. The relations between the clergy and people of the Church of England and the Presbyterian people were of the closest trust and friendliness. The Presbyterian Catechism and the Westminster Confession of Faith were in the houses of the Kildonan people, and with the Bible were pored over and discussed

with the earnestness of people whose minds had a strong natural inclination to theology. They kept up their prayer meetings and their religious instruction of their children. Petition after petition was sent to the Church of Scotland and to the Hudson's Bay Company. At last, on the urging of John Ballenden, who was then Governor in Fort Garry, in conjunction with the reference in the matter by the Church of Scotland, to the Rev. Dr. Burns, the pastor of Knox church in Toronto, John Black, who in the late 1840's was working as a missionary in Quebec, and who spoke French as well as English (though his lack of "the Gaelic" was at first a grievous disappointment to some of the older people in Kildonan), was sent to Red River.

The strong attachment between all who are of old Kildonan and have memories in common of the old time is evident at every gathering of people in whose veins the blood of the Selkirk settlers flows. At the last meeting of the Old Timers' Association at which among those who contributed to the programme of music Miss Ruth Matheson sang and Miss Flora Matheson played the violin, the Archbishop of Rupert's Land, in making the address which is always expected from him on such occasions, said that he was the third Matheson to appear on the platform, and that all the older people of Kildonan would have it in mind that the young lady who had sung was the granddaughter

of Donald Matheson, the young lady who had played the violin was the granddaughter of "Pagey" Matheson, and he himself was the son of "Bushy" Matheson. The enjoyment of the memories aroused by the old nicknames was evident in the faces of all the old people of Kildonan who were present. The Archbishop went on to recall his own nickname of "Hammy," a child's mispronunciation of "Sammy." He has told in more than one public address that born in 1852, and baptized Samuel Pritchard Matheson by Rev. Dr. Black, who had arrived the year before, he had been left a motherless infant, and was brought up by his uncle Hugh Pritchard and his unmarried aunt Elizabeth Pritchard, who took him into their house. His father, who was known in Kildonan as "Bushy" on account of his beard, was a Presbyterian, and with all the other Presbyterians in Kildonan had attended St. John's church until the arrival of John Black and the establishment of the Kildonan kirk. The Pritchards were Church of England people, and brought their nephew up an Anglican. And thus it is that Samuel Pritchard Matheson, the only one of his family to be baptized by a Presbyterian Minister, is Archbishop of Rupert's Land and Primate of All Canada, and all his brothers and sisters, baptized in St. John's before there was a Presbyterian minister in the West, were brought up Presbyterians.

Mrs. William Logan now in her seventy-eighth year, whose husband was a son of Robert Logan, remembers well Bishop Anderson who confirmed her. "He was a kind old man," she said. "I remember once when my mother was scolding me for some fault, the Bishop put his hand on my head and said, 'Let the dear girl alone. She will make a good wife some day.' And my mother said, 'I am afraid not. She talks too much.' I remember Archdeacon Cowley very well. He used to be in charge of the Indian mission down the river below Selkirk, before he was moved up to St. John's and made Archdeacon. When he was at the Indian mission he was physician, judge and general adviser to the Indians. When they needed him as a doctor in the night, they used to go quietly into his house — doors were never locked in the old time — and make their way in the dark straight to the stovepipe which went through the ceiling into his bedroom and tap on it, knowing well that Mr. Cowley would come down immediately to them." The teacher in the school to which Mrs. Logan went was Samuel Pritchard, an uncle of Archbishop Matheson. "We used to get brown paper from the Company store, and make our letters on it with bits of charcoal we brought from the fire at home," she said. Mrs. Logan remembers the Archbishop as a small boy in a blue serge jacket with large pearl buttons, who was one of her playmates.

The first house that John Black visited on his arrival was the home of Narcisse Marion, where that leading French-speaking Roman Catholic of the settlement received him with hospitality, and saw to his being taken down the river to Colony Gardens, the house of Sheriff Ross. One of Sheriff Ross's daughters, Henrietta, he married three years later. On his arrival the Presbyterian people, who numbered about three hundred, ended their attendance at the Church of England services, and the kirk of Kildonan was organized. Already the manse and the school house had been built on the land given by the Company, which gave also, in addition to the three hundred acres of glebe land, £150 towards the building of the church. "The church is to be erected on a piece of land long desecrated by the idolatrous revels of the Indians," wrote Dr. Black, in one of his first letters from Red River, "and by the Sabbath evenings sports of some who bore a better name, but whose works were not so much better than theirs." The municipal golf links of Winnipeg extend now to within a few hundred yards of "John Black's church," where, as Miss Bannerman remembers hearing her father tell, the Indians used to have an encampment every summer, on account of the easy access to the river. There, before the breaking up of their encampment they had their annual Dog Feast in an enclosure fenced in with branches of trees. The rites

conducted by the "medicine men" at that festival were the most important in the pagan calendar before the coming of the whites. The great flood of 1852 delayed the work of building. In a letter dated "Red River, May 27th, 1852," John Black wrote:

> On Sabbath May ninth I preached for the last time in our temporary church and had to go part of the way to it in a canoe. On Monday the tenth the flight from the Scotch part of the settlement was general. In trying to reach a place of safety, men and women were seen plunging through the water driving and carrying, while the aged and little children were conveyed in carts drawn by oxen or horses. Most of the Scotch settlers had from 100 to 300 bushels of wheat in lofts which they kept from year to year in case of failure, and now for this there was much anxiety. The first night we encamped on the plain without wood or shelter, saving what we erected, amid the lowing of cattle and the bleating of sheep, and the roaring of calves, and the squealing of pigs, and the greeting of bairns. After three days we arrived here, on a beautiful woody ridge thirteen miles from our houses. A few families are with me here, but my congregation is scattered, so that, from extreme to extreme is, I suppose, more than thirty miles. Thus the waters prevailed and spread themselves over the cultivated lands, sweeping away everything loose and much that was thought fast. Houses, barns, byres, stacks of wheat, etc., were floating down thick and fast. Not a bridge is left on the road in all the flooded district. Sometimes the wind blew very strong, and acting on the lake-like expanse of waters, agitated them like a sea, and this was very destructive to the houses of the settlers. The

breadth flooded in our part of the settlement is eight or nine miles while the ordinary width of the river is not more than one hundred and fifty yards. I have crossed this wide expanse twice to visit our people on the east side. I have now three preaching stations instead of one — all camp meetings. The water began to fall about the 21st. We hope to get home again in about two weeks.

Through the winter of 1851-52 the Kildonan teams went backward and forward, dragging on sledges stone from Stony Mountain and pine from St. Peter's, a distance of more than thirty miles. All the lumber for the building and the pews was sawed and dressed near the site of the church; all through the summer of 1853 that work was carried on; the sound of the axe, the chisel and the hammer was music to Kildonan hearts. When in 1854 the church was opened, it and the manse were clear of debt. The two buildings had cost more than a thousand pounds; everybody in Kildonan had contributed either money or work, and many had given given both.

Miss Janet Bannerman, who was born in 1840, has vivid recollections of the great flood of 1852. "That flood," she said, "was a serious matter to my father, who had made advances, in the usual way to the men who worked his brigades of York boats. They were unable to make the spring trip to Norway House and the boats themselves were in danger of being swept away and damaged. My father and a number of men

managed to make all the boats secure by tying them to the largest of the trees on our land. My grandfather's river lot of ten chains frontage on the river and two miles depth was what is now the southern part of Kildonan park. The creek which is crossed by the rustic bridge in the park ran through our property." Miss Bannerman has an old wallet of red leather in which are some old documents belonging to her grandfather and her father. One of them is the receipt certifying that her grandfather had paid in full for the property alloted to him as one of the original Selkirk settlers. It took him twenty years to complete his payments. The document, which is signed by the brother of Sir George Simpson, is as follows:

> This is to certify that William Bannerman has paid up his debt to the Exctrs of Lord Selkirk in full. Fort Garry, 20th April, 1835.
>
> Thomas Simpson.

"My father did a large business with his York boats," Miss Bannerman said. "In the great flood he used several of them to move his family and as many of his belongings as possible back to the high land towards Stony Mountain. Our horses and cattle and sheep and pigs and poultry were all taken out to the bluffs about ten miles back. That was the first time I ever saw pigs swimming. We lived in a large tent made of buffalo skin until the flood went down and we

could go back to our home. There we found everything in a dreadful state. The fireplace and the chimney had dissolved and collapsed, and a new fireplace and chimney had to be made. Like all the other fireplaces and chimneys in Kildonan they were made by first putting up a framework of branches and then building them up out of clay and water and straw, kneaded into a paste. This dried hard and the heat of the fire kept hardening it until it became as hard as bricks."

After the flood waters went down the building of the Kildonan church was carried on without delay. All the lumber used in building in Red River had to be sawn by hand in a saw-pit, with one man at the upper end of the saw, and another in the bottom of the pit at the lower end of it. The stone walls of the church, between two and three feet thick and now rough-cast on the outside, stand solid today. The arrangement of the pews has been changed more than once since the original plan, which is remembered by Miss Bannerman, who is so vigorous of mind and body that a stranger would find it hard to believe that she is now in her eighty-third year, and was thirteen years old when the Kildonan church was opened. "There were six square pews in front, three on each side of the high pulpit," said Miss Bannerman, in describing the original interior. "On the west side of the pulpit came first the Hudson's Bay pew, as we called it. Governor

McTavish and his family and other officers of the Company sat in it. When Sir George Simpson came to Red River, we saw him in that pew. Next in front of it was Robert MacBeth's pew, and in front of that the pew of my father, Donald Bannerman. On the east side the square pew next the pulpit was the manse pew, in which the family of Dr. Black sat. In front of that was Sheriff Alexander Ross's pew, and in front of that the pew of William Ross, the son of the Sheriff. Those were the six square pews. But before I continue with my recollections of the Kildonan church I must tell you that my memory goes back to an earlier time than the arrival of Dr. Black and the building of the kirk. The first church I was taken to was St. John's. Archdeacon Cochrane's youngest daughter was my first Sunday school teacher. I remember walking two miles to attend my first Sunday school class, and the first thing Miss Cochrane asked me was if I was a sinner. I said with childish gravity that I wasn't. I liked very much going to St. John's. When we Presbyterians had our own church to go to, it made no difference at all between us and the Church of England people. We were all good neighbors and friends, as before."

Miss Bannerman has the title deed to the pew of her uncle, George Bannerman, in the Kildonan church, which was not one of the square pews but one of the

ordinary pews in the body of the church. It is in the handwriting of Sheriff Ross and is as follows:

> This is to certify that Pew No. 39 in the Presbyterian Church, Frog Plain, is the property of George Bannerman, he, as original owner, having subscribed to the Constitution, and paid to the undersigned Trustees the full amount charged for said Pew, namely, Fifteen pounds eighteen shillings sterling (£15-18 stg.). His right of selling or transferring said property, however, must be in terms of the Constitution, according to article fifth — that is, "to some member, or members, of said church, and to no other person or persons, whatever."
>
> Witness our hands at Red River Settlement, this 5th Jany 1855.

A. Ross John Fraser Alexander Sutherland Angus Polson John Sutherland John Matheson John Sutherland, P.D.	Church Trustees

The letters P.D. after the name of the John Sutherland who signed last stand for Point Douglas. The other John Sutherland lived near the Inksters at Seven Oaks. Even after the flood of 1852, when John Sutherland, who was later Senator Sutherland, built a new house on land he bought across the river, his family were known as the Point Douglas Sutherlands. There were two aisles in the church which made three

sections of ordinary pews facing the pulpit, in addition to the six square pews. The front pew in the centre section was the elders' pew. "The church was heated by Carron stoves," said Miss Bannerman. "My father used to import these stoves from Scotland. At first there were two of those stoves in the church. I think my father donated them. They stood near the door (there was no porch to the church at first) and the stovepipes from each stove went along, one over each aisle, to the chimney in the front. There were little kettles hung from each joint in the stovepipes, to catch the sooty drip. Although the stoves were started very early on Sunday mornings, and in the middle of the Thursday afternoons for the prayer meetings on Thursday evenings, it was sometimes hard to keep the church from being uncomfortably cold. A third Carron stove was put up in the front of the church, and before each service a pile of wood all ready for use was stacked up near it and one of the elders would step from the elder's pew in front of the pulpit and put wood in the stove whenever it was necessary. I remember that the windows of the church had the same small square panes of glass that they have now, but the glass used to be covered with the sort of paint we call frosting, instead of being clear glass as it is now."

The interior of the Kildonan church is among the early recollections of the widow of William Ross Black,

the eldest son of John Black. Mrs. Black, who was Catherine Sutherland, the little girl who cried when she did not want the angels to take away her grandmother, remembers that each of the square pews had a door, or gate. "I remember how as a little girl I used to admire the four Bannerman young ladies, Janet, Barbara, Isabel and Nancy," she said, in recalling her memories of the church. "They were all beautiful girls, and always beautifully dressed. An elder sister, Christiana, who was Mrs. MacBeth, was my aunt, and later on Barbara became an aunt of mine, too. Sometimes, I am afraid, when I should have been listening to Dr. Black, I was wishing that I could grow up to be lovely like the four Miss Bannermans, and to have my hair as curly, and as beautifully arranged, as theirs, and to wear such lovely clothes. I used to think that when I was a grown-up lady, I would walk like Miss Bannerman, and wear a hoopskirt, and would come into our pew with a graceful swish of it to one side, like the swish of the hoopskirt of each of the Miss Bannermans as she came through the door into the Bannerman pew."

After the establishment of a choir in Kildonan church, John Fraser's was one of the houses in which the young people of Kildonan who were singers used to meet for the evenings of instruction and singing. That house, the first home of the first couple married in Red River, who were children of Selkirk settlers, is

still standing, and is still a home. "John Fraser was precentor for fourteen years," said the Rev. Samuel Polson, who as Mr. Fraser's successor in leading the singing in the Kildonan church was asked to give his recollections for this book. "Then I was appointed to take his place in the high box in which he stood and sounded his pitch pipe and started the singing. I was precentor for a year, and then the choir was introduced, of which my sister Flora and myself were leaders for many years. I have yet the pitch fork which I wielded as precentor and choir leader. Some of the old people objected very strongly to the introduction of a choir, and later on there was vigorous opposition to the idea of having an organ. There used to be debates on these

questions at the annual meetings of the church, and I remember well the way my uncle Hugh Polson, who was rheumatic, used to steady himself with his stick as he got to his feet at the meeting, and then announce

that if an organ were put in the church he would bring Old Bob and take the 'kist o' whustles' out of the house of the Lord and dump it by the roadside. Old Bob was a horse he had. Well, the old people who were so determined about it were allowed to have their way. The passage of time brought in eventually the innovations to which they had objected. There were about a dozen singers in the choir, but at my uncle Donald's house thirty or forty young people, and sometimes more, used to meet one evening in each week to practise singing. A young clerk in the Hudson's Bay Company's service named Lockhart used to instruct us. His method was to make use of the numbers 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 1 for the octave. After he was moved away, James Ross, a son of the Sheriff, who was a graduate of the University of Toronto, took up the work of carrying on a singing school. He used the sol-fa method. A blackboard was set up in the dining-room where we did our singing, and we sang in only two parts, for quite a long time — we were divided into sopranos and basses."

In connection with the controversy over the instalment of an organ in "John Black's church," the old timers of Kildonan tell of the lead taken in opposition to the organ by John Sutherland, who on account of their being several John Sutherlands was known by the nickname of "Scotchman" Sutherland. When at

last the organ was put in, in spite of all he could do to prevent it, he announced that he would no longer attend the services in the Kildonan church. That was in 1869. Knox church had been established in Winnipeg and a small mission church known as St. Andrew's had been built in the north end of the city. "Scotchman" Sutherland transferred his attendance to St. Andrew's, although there was a small melodeon in that church which was used in the services held there. Before many months his daughter was appointed to be the player of the instrument in the Kildonan church; and soon after that he resumed his attendance there and "sat under" Dr. Black until Dr. Black's death in 1882, and continued his attendance at that church many years after Dr. Black's death. Mr. Sutherland was greatly liked and respected in Kildonan and was elected a member of the first Legislative Assembly of Manitoba.

There were two services in the Kildonan church every Sunday, one in the forenoon and the other in the afternoon. On Sunday evenings there was no service in the church; there was, instead, in every home in Kildonan a Sunday evening of religious instruction and prayer. After supper the dishes were carried out to the kitchen, to be washed on Monday morning; on Sunday no work was done in Kildonan that could be done beforehand on Saturday, or deferred until

Monday. Sitting around the cleared table on Sunday evening every family in Kildonan maintained what had become an established practice in the earliest years of the settlement and was continued during the decades of waiting for the arrival of the Presbyterian minister. In 1848, three years before the coming of John Black, Alexander Matheson started a Sunday school; but the religious instruction and prayer on Sunday evening in every household was also maintained no less faithfully after that. The procedure never varied.

First, the Shorter Catechism was laid on the table, and the father of the family began by asking the mother the first question, "What is the chief end of man?" The mother gave the answer, and then she put the second question to the eldest child, who having given the answer to it put the next question to the second eldest child; and so it continued, with question and answer round and round the family circle until they had gone half way through the Shorter Catechism. Then came the Bible lesson, which had been assigned on the preceding Sunday evening by the father and had been studied during the week by the family. The father questioned all the members of the family closely and expounded the lesson to them. Next he heard the children, except those who were too young to take full part in the regular Sunday evening's instruction, recite the texts which they had memorized, including the

"proof texts" in support of the doctrines set forth in the Shorter Catechism. Then the smaller children, the book of whose instruction was the Mother's Catechism, had their turn; and after that the father assigned a Bible lesson for the next Sunday, and then closed the evening with prayer, and the family went to bed. On the succeeding Sunday evening the remaining half of

FISH OIL LAMP

PIERCED LANTERN

the Shorter Catechism would be gone through, and so the whole Shorter Catechism would be traversed twenty-six times in each year. The religious instruction and prayer on Sunday evenings in winter was by the light of the open fireplace. A primitive form of lamp, which was merely a bowl of grease with a twisted strip of rag hanging over the edge and serving as a wick, was often used to give light in the earlier years of the settlement. Later the use of candles became general.

Mrs. Neil Campbell, speaking of "Aunt Kate Matheson," the sister of Archbishop Matheson's grandfather, who became Mrs. Donald Polson, told that though she was wholly disabled for many years with rheumatism, she continued to have the Tuesday evening prayer meeting at her house. "She had a beautiful voice," said Mrs. Campbell, "and I well remember her sitting in her chair at the prayer meeting every week and singing the psalms and paraphrases." Of Mr. A. H. Sutherland's mother, Mrs. John Sutherland, who had to have her foot amputated, Mrs. Campbell told that though thus disabled she went on energetically with her church work. She lived close to church, and between the morning and afternoon services she used to give dinner to the people who had come from a distance to attend the services.

"There was no choir and no organ," Mrs. Black went on. "John Fraser, the father of Mrs. Neil Campbell, was the precentor. He had a tuning fork, or pitch fork, as we called it, and after sounding it he started the singing. When at last there was a choir a good many years later, I sang in it. The choir sat in what used to be the Hudson's Bay pew. Rev. Samuel Polson was the first choirmaster. I remember that if one of the girls in the choir so much as glanced at a boy, somebody in the congregation would be sure to tell Dr. Black. As if it were only yesterday, I can

remember many a hot Sunday in the times when the grasshoppers were a burden, when I sat in that square pew with the others of the choir and looked at the grasshoppers on my muslin dress and shuddered as I thought they were going to jump in my face. I have

KILDONAN CHURCH

many solemn memories of the old church, and some that are simply childish, such as I have been telling you."

The oldest people among the survivors from old Kildonan remember that for years the first person to arrive at the church every Sunday morning was Mrs.

Alexander Sutherland, or Kate McPherson as they oftenest name her. Her husband had become disabled by rheumatism, and was unable to accompany her. She used to have one of her sons or grandsons take her across the river after an early breakfast on Sunday, and she would walk to the church carrying her Bible wrapped in a white handkerchief, and resting at intervals along the way. A few years before her death she suffered an injury from a fall, which left her unable to walk. Her husband fixed wheels to an armchair for her, in which she was moved about; but to her great sorrow she was no longer able to go to the kirk.

Two daughters of John Fraser who was the precentor, Barbara and Janet, are among the most active of the older women surviving from the time when "John Black's church" was in its first years. The former, who is known to all who are of Kildonan as "Aunt Babbie," is Mrs. Neil Campbell. She lives still in Kildonan, in her seventy-fifth year; she is a widow, as is her sister, Mrs. Robert James Henderson, who lives in Springfield. Both were born in Kildonan, and have memories of Kildonan as it was in the 1850's and 1860's. Mrs. A. N. McLeod, of Stonewall, has a pair of socks knitted by Mrs. Neil Campbell from wool grown and carded and spun in Kildonan in 1915, which her son, Lieutenant Alan McLeod, was wearing when his airplane was attacked by eight German machines at a

height of 5,000 feet over the western front in the Great War early in 1918. The young aviator, who was only eighteen years old, won the Victoria Cross that day. "If it were possible for a man to win two Victoria Crosses," said General Ketchen, "Lieutenant McLeod can rightly be said to have deserved two." The heroic boy died at his home seven months later, a victim of the influenza epidemic; his body rests in the Kildonan churchyard. "My grandfather, James Fraser, came of lowland Scottish people like Dr. Black," said Mrs. Campbell in talking of the old times, "and my grandmother, Anne Bannerman, was of Highland stock, and spoke the Gaelic when she was young. I remember when I was young and there were some girls of neighboring families at the house, one of them said to my grandmother, teasing her, 'When you and Mr. Fraser did not understand each other's language, how did you know what he meant when he told you he loved you and wanted you to be his wife?' and my grandmother said, 'Wait until your own time comes, my dear, and you will know how.' I can go through my grandfather's prayers yet the way he used to say them. I remember perfectly well the way he used to pronounce certain words, and I remember the stories handed down about the hardships of the first settlers in the early years. It was six years after they came to the Red River that some of them ate their first bread. I used to be very

proud when I was a little girl, because my father was the precentor."

"The prayer meeting on Thursday night which was held in the church was an important event each week in Kildonan," said Mrs. Campbell, in continuing her recollections. "I remember a neighbor of ours who was rather cross-tempered. Sometimes he was a trial to his wife. Late one Thursday afternoon he was drawing hay. His wife was up on a high hay stack and he was pitching the hay up to her. He kept on drawing loads until it was very near the time for prayer meeting. His wife said she must come down, or she would be late. Her husband told her that he was going to teach her a lesson for crossing him. He took the ladder away from the hay stack, and left her stranded high and dry, and drove off to get another load, and did not come back until prayer meeting was over. That was considered a very scandalous thing. It was thought that the only explanation for such a thing must be that the man was not right in his head when he did it."

The first school to which Miss Bannerman went was St. John's parochial school. She and Jane Inkster, who is now Mrs. Robert Tait, of St. James, went to that school together as little girls. "Among the children whom I remember at that school were Colin Sinclair, Mrs. Cowan's youngest brother, and two of

the McDermot boys, Andrew and Myles. There were several boys and girls at that school belonging to the well-to-do Roman Catholic French-speaking families up the river. Of these I remember well Marguerite Leclair and her brother Joseph, Emile Bovette, Ambroise Fisher, Henri Laronde who came from the interior, and Baptiste Beauchemin, from Whitehorse Plains. Henri and Baptiste both boarded at George Groats' house near the school. Another Roman Catholic boy at that school was of the name of Kline — he lived where Hallett street is now. My first teacher there was Dominic Pambrun, who had Spanish blood, they used to say. He was married to one of the Fidler girls from St. James; he and his wife went out to Oregon with James Sinclair in the Company's service, and he died at Walla Walla. Another teacher was Rev. Thomas Cochrane the only son of the Archdeacon, and another was Peter Jacobs, the son of a missionary, who had been educated at St. John's. When we were promoted from the class in which we began reading we went into what was called the Testament class and from that on into the Bible class. The New Testament and the Old Testament were used as reading books, and we all learned by heart the names of the kings of Judah and the kings of Israel and the Prophets and the names of the books of the Old Testament, of course, and in fact we were thoroughly grounded in

scriptural knowledge, the boys and girls of the French-speaking families equally with us Scottish children. We were taught ciphering and writing, which was very carefully attended to. Every morning the master used to mend our pens with his pen-knife and make fresh points on them. We had slates and slate-pencils, which came from England, but there was no blackboard. The children of the French-speaking families and the rest of us were the best of friends and companions. It seems a needless thing for me to say that, because the relations between the French-speaking families and the rest of us in Red River were always of friendliness and good will. In the very earliest and hardest days of the settlement that friendship was established upon a lasting foundation by the French-Canadians and the Métis who showed warmhearted kindness to the poor Scottish people when the lack of food at the Forks compelled them to go down to the buffalo hunters' headquarters at the mouth of the Pembina river in the winter time."

It is pleasant to hear Miss Bannerman and her lifelong friend Mrs. Robert Tait talking together over the old times in Red River. It was on the verandah of Mrs. Tait's house one evening last summer that Miss Bannerman gave her recollections of the time when she and Mrs. Tait were school girls together in St. John's parochial school. She remembered well the

names of the boys and girls whom Miss Bannerman had mentioned, and to Miss Bannerman's list of the children of Roman Catholic French-speaking families who attended the school at St. John's she added the names of Emile Bovette's brother, Francois. She also recalled to Miss Bannerman's memory another Roman Catholic boy, John McGillis, who was of Scottish and Indian Blood. "The boys sat on one side," she said, "and the girls on the other. I remember that we used to call the Kline boy whose first name, I think, was George, by the name of Deux Sous. Bishop Anderson used to take the two boys of best promise out of each of the parochial schools each year, and give them free tuition in his own collegiate school. John Norquay and Henri Laronde were taken from St. John's school in that way while I was there, and that was how John Norquay got his education and, thanks to Bishop Anderson's wise foresight, was given the chance to fit himself to be the useful man he afterwards was in public life. The school house was built of logs, and was heated with a Carron stove. Our ink was made from ink powder, and it used to be frozen in the mornings in winter. We used goose quill pens, and when the schoolmaster mended them and put fresh points on them in the morning he was careful that each of us got his, or her, own. Each pen used to have its owner's initials."

Later on Jane Inkster was at the boarding school known as the St. Cross Ladies' School, which was carried on by Mrs. Mills. "My sisters and myself were at that school together," she said. "We used to get up at seven o'clock in the morning winter and summer and all go for a walk in charge of Miss Harriet Mills. We walked on the river in winter, and out towards the plain in summer. Mrs. Mills was clever and kind, and we were all very fond of her. The school was a two storey building, heated with Carron stoves. Later on it became the St. John's Boys' College. Our fare was plain at the St. Cross School. We had bread and butter, with meat once a day. There were about thirty girls at the school when I was there. They were mostly daughters of what we called the Hudson's Bay families."

In 1858 Jane Inkster was married to Robert Tait, whose sister Anna Tait, in 1871 became the wife of Mrs. Tait's brother, the Hon. Colin Inkster, who after having been Speaker of the Legislative Council of Manitoba, was appointed Sheriff of Winnipeg in 1876 and still holds that office. When Sheriff Inkster's house was built there were no trees about it, and for that reason Mrs. Robert Tait suggested that it be named Bleak House. Mrs. Inkster remembers superintending the planting of the young pines and maples which are now great trees surrounding that house.

Both the Sheriff and Mrs. Inkster are among the notable survivors from the old Red River era. Mrs. Tait still has her wedding dress, which is of silk taffeta in shades of mauve in a plaid pattern. "You remember how you helped to make it, Janet," she said to Miss Bannerman. "We had no sewing machines in those days." The old lady showed the shawl of fine white crêpe, with heavy fringe, which she wore on her wedding day. "And you wore a white satin bonnet, Jane," said Miss Bannerman, "with flowers." The wedding was in St. Andrew's church. "Bishop Anderson married me, and baptized my first two children," Mrs. Tait went on.

"After we were married we settled at Redwood a little up the river from my old home at Seven Oaks. In 1862 we moved out here to the parish of St. James. Our first house was near where Deer Lodge hospital stands. After that we built a brick house." That house is still standing and is one of the best remaining specimens of early Winnipeg architecture. It has fine oak and walnut panelling and woodwork. The floors down stairs are laid in narrow strips of oak and walnut alternately, and the staircase is of walnut. "All the oak and walnut woodwork for the house," said Mrs. Tait, "and the sashes and doors and the walnut furniture we had were brought across the plains from St. Paul in Red River carts. My husband used to trade with

the Indians. Later on we had a ranch out near Elm Creek. My eldest son was in charge of it. Mr. Tait brought in the first self-binder forty or forty-five years ago and the first threshing machine, which was run by horse power. In the late 1860's he had a steam grist mill on the bank of the Assiniboine in front of our house. He brought in the first cutter, from St. Paul. The only winter vehicle for driving about in that was in use before that was the carriole."

Mrs. Tait's mother was Mary Sinclair, and she is thus a cousin of Mrs. Cowan. "Before my mother was married," said Mrs. Tait, "she was visiting her married sister, Mrs. Spencer, at Norway House, when the famous Sir John Franklin was there on his return from his second voyage to the Arctic regions. There was a wedding at Norway House while he was there, and my mother was always proud to remember that Sir John Franklin asked her to dance with him at that wedding — nearly a hundred years ago now!"

In that neighborhood the Taits had as neighbors James McKay, and between 1870 and 1880 Donald A. Smith, afterwards Lord Strathcona. Mr. Tait had also a close friendship with James J. Hill, of St. Paul which dated from the time when Mr. Hill first engaged in freighting to and from Red River. "I remember that once when my husband was in St. Paul a few years after Mr. Hill's marriage, Mr. Hill told him that his

affairs were going prosperously. 'If I were to die now,' he said, 'my wife would find herself a wealthy woman. She would have between thirty and forty thousand dollars.' When Lord Strathcona in 1909, in his ninetieth year, was in Winnipeg for the last time, Mr. Hill came up from St. Paul to meet him, and the two went out and visited Mr. Tait, who was then so crippled with rheumatism that he had to use two sticks."

Of James McKay, who when the Province of Manitoba was established was appointed a member of the Legislative Council, Mrs. Tait has many memories. In 1859, when the Earl of Southesk visited Red River with Sir George Simpson, James McKay met them at St. Paul, and was in charge of their expedition across the plains. "I cannot pretend to be able to give you as good a description of James McKay in his prime as you will find in the book which Lord Southesk published after his return home," Mrs. Tait said, going to a bookcase and taking from it Lord Southesk's book, Saskatchewan and the Rocky Mountains. She turned to the passage, which tells of his first seeing McKay, at St. Paul:

> His appearance greatly interested me, both from his own personal advantages, and because he was the first Red River man that I had yet beheld. A Scotsman though with Indian blood on the mother's side, he was born and bred in the Saskatchewan country, but afterwards became a resident near

Fort Garry and entered the Company's employ. Whether as a guide or hunter, he was universally reckoned one of their best men. Immensely broad-chested and muscular, though not tall, he weighed eighteen stone; yet in spite of his stoutness he was exceedingly hardy and active, and a wonderful horseman.

His face — somewhat Assyrian in type, is very handsome; short, delicate, acquiline nose; piercing dark grey eyes; long dark-brown hair, beard and moustaches; white, small, regular teeth; skin tanned to red bronze from exposure to weather. He was dressed in the Red River style — a blue cloth capot (hooded frockcoat) with brass buttons; red-and-black flannel shirt, which served also for waistcoat; black belt round the waist; buff leather moccasins on his feet; trowsers of brown and white-striped home-made woollen stuff.

I had never come across a wearer of moccasins before, and it amused me to watch this grand and massive man pacing the hotel corridors with noiseless footfall, while excitable little Yankees in shiny boots creaked and stamped about like so many busy steam-engines.

In turning over the pages of the same book, Mrs. Tait verified her recollection of the name of one of the boys who was a schoolfellow with Miss Bannerman and herself. Lord Southesk, in giving the name of the four men whom James McKay selected to make up the party across the plains to the Rockies, mentions "George Kline, of the French-Canadian race." A book in which James McKay figures, as Mrs. Tait mentioned, is Lady Dufferin's My Canadian Journal. Hon. James McKay, as he was when Lady Dufferin

came to Winnipeg in 1877 with her husband, the Governor-General, looked after the welfare of the party. There was no accommodation for them in the old Government House inside the gate of Fort Garry, and they lived at Silver Heights. "I remember how enthusiastic Lady Dufferin was about James McKay," said Mrs. Tait. "She says in her Journal that the whole party felt sad when the time came to say good-bye to him. He was really a delightful man. By the time the Dufferins were here he had grown to an immense size. Lady Dufferin mentions that his weight was 320 pounds, but she mentions also that he was active on foot and on horseback, and that he taught the young men of the party to dance the Red River jig It seems only yesterday that the Dufferins walked past our place on their way to St. James's church. And it seems only the day before yesterday when my husband and I came and made our home here sixty-one years ago We used to see the carts coming in from the buffalo-hunting on the plains — we could hear them long before we could see them — where now there is the electric railway, and automobiles stream along endlessly on the asphalt."

It was in the year after the flood Miss Bannerman paid her first visit to Fort Garry. "I was thirteen years old then," she said, "and one day in that summer Nellie Inkster and her sister Jane and I went to Fort

Garry to get some Berlin wool at the store there for fancy work. On the way home the Inkster girls took me to James Sinclair's house for lunch. The Sinclairs were their cousins. While we were at lunch Mrs. Cowan, who had been married the year before, came in from the Fort, where she lived. I remember there was a little baby in the room, a child of James Sinclair's second marriage. The next time I saw that child was when she came to Winnipeg this summer, as Mrs. Stanton, from Oregon, to visit Mrs. Cowan."

Speaking of the women's work in Kildonan, Miss Bannerman told first of the milking and butter-making. "We were up at five," she said, "and attended to the milk which had been left standing over night in the milk coolers. They were wooden pans made of oak each with two handles. Every morning we washed them first with cold water, and then with warm water, using a strong home-made willow brush, and last with boiling water. Then we set them to air, ready for the evening. We used to have two sets of coolers. It was not until the Company began to make tin pans at York Factory that our work was made very much easier for us by the use of tin pans, which were so much easier to clean instead of the old oak coolers. It was not until about 1860, I think, that the tin pans began to come into use. Each family had its milk house, which was a small out-building, with a thatched roof

and a deep cellar. Straw was used to thatch with, for the most part, but a kind of coarse hay was also used. As for work in the field in harvest time, the thing that made it necessary for those of the women who could do that work to assist was that the wheat we had then was an English white wheat with a larger berry than the wheat grown in the West today, which made good flour, but shelled very easily. A strong wind would leave a great many of the grains on the ground and in handling the sheaves in the carts a great deal of the wheat would fall out. On account of the danger of frost and also because of the slow method of harvesting, the cutting of the wheat when it was ready to be cut had to be done as soon as possible."

Mrs. Neil Campbell and her sister, Mrs. Henderson, in telling of their recollections of working in the harvest field, showed old scars on the banks of their hands, where they had cut themselves with the sickles. Mrs. Campbell told of the baking of the bannocks at night for the mid-day meal on the following day in the field. The bannocks for Monday were always baked on the Saturday before. "One of my most distinct memories of childhood," said Mrs. Campbell, "was the way we children in bed used to peep from the blankets at two or three o'clock in the morning to see the lovely breakfast of fried eggs and beefsteak and pork and cheese and bannocks and butter and tea and the packing up of

provisions for the men who were going off some thirty or forty miles to get wood for building. They would take camp kettles and dry socks and dry moccasins and buffalo robes and blankets I remember that the party my father went with had seven sleighs drawn by oxen. They were away what seemed a long time to us children, and I remember how we used to look for their return and watch the seven sleighs coming down the Sutherlands' bank on the opposite side of the river, with the men helping the oxen. When the men went for fuel it was only a day's work, but when they went for building wood it was an expedition. Of course, there would be family worship before they started out. We never missed family worship night and morning. It was the same in all the houses in Kildonan. Father would conduct the worship, and we would sing the psalms. On Sunday we would read the Bible a verse about, and I can remember running to my mother for her help when I came to a word I could not read. There were great preparations made for the visitations of Dr. Black. The names of the families to be visited during the following week were announced from the pulpit each Sunday. Dr. Black was always accompanied by one elder on his visitations. The house was cleaned beforehand and everything was made to look its best for so important an occasion. It was both a serious and a joyful event, and a great honour. They were no hurried visits that

Dr. Black made. He really entered into our family life, and not only prayed with us, but talked with us about our affairs as well as about our religious life and always stayed to have a meal with us."

Miss J. Polson of Stonewall, among the many things she has which date from the old days in Kildonan, has two of the mutches which the Kildonan women used to wear on their heads. One of these is a plain mutch for morning wear, the other a frilled one for afternoon wear and for church on Sunday. Mrs. Neil Campbell has one of the irons which was used for ironing the frills on the mutches. "These irons were common in Kildonan," said Mrs. Campbell, in showing the iron she has. It is long and round and fitted into an iron case which kept it clean when it was put into the fire to be heated. "We always called it the Italian iron. We made our own starch from potatoes. We used to grind the potatoes and press them through a straining cloth stretched over a tub half filled with water, and let the starch settle. We put indigo in the starch for laundry use. We used to make starch for puddings separately. We had our work for each season of the year, which kept us always busy. We got our sewing done before June because then came the sheep-shearing. We picked the wool and carded it and some spun it. Every article I wore was the product of my mother's hands, even my shoes, until I was fourteen or fifteen

years old, when I got my first bought shoes or English shoes, as we used to call them, with brass toecaps. I could cut out the leather for a pair of shoes now and stitch it together too with buffalo sinew thread, if I had it. We used to use the sinews from cattle, too, but the buffalo sinews were best. The boots we made from tanned hides of cattle we called 'beef shoes.' Bishop Anderson originated that name. We used to tan leather with willow bark in a tanning tub. What was usually used for a tanning tub was an old dug-out canoe. The small boats used in the old days, except of course the birchbark canoes of the Indians, were all dugouts, made from trees. When we worked in the fields there was always a great deal to be done in the evening after the field work was over. The milk had to be attended to and the skim milk fed to the calves and the butter churned. We made a cheese usually on Saturday, using the rennet which we prepared from the stomachs of calves. In the fall, after the slaughtering, there was a great deal of work to be done in making blood puddings and white puddings and in boiling and drying tripe and getting our whole winter's supply of meat ready."

Mrs. Joseph Good told of the work on winter nights, teasing and carding and spinning the wool. Some of the settlers had looms on which were woven blankets and homespun cloth. "We used to get sturgeon oil

from the Indians in birch bark rogans and put it in the wool to make it work easier," said Mrs Joseph Good, who is now in her eighty-third year, "and then when the blankets were made we had to wash the oil out of the wool. We used to have an enormous tub into which we put the blankets and soap and water and the girls would get in in their bare feet and tread on the blankets, and when that had been done long enough the girls would put on their stockings and shoes and then the boys would wring the blankets out."

Among the Selkirk settlers' children candies were unknown. "One of our great treats," said Mrs. Robert Henderson, "came after the baking of a batch of bread

WAR WORKERS

in the large outside mud oven. Mother would brown some flour and mix it with molasses. That was eagerly looked forward to by us children." With like eagerness the children in the households of "the Company people" anticipated the unpacking of the large boxes which came each year from the old country, and the appearance of the hard "sweeties" in bottles and the gingerbread which the women surviving from those families have among the earliest memories of their childhood.

Mrs. Henderson, continuing her recollections, told of the lofts in which the Selkirk families used to store a supply of grain. "There was wheat in one corner of our loft," she said, "and oats in another and barley in another. Mother had shelves in the loft for cheese and boxes and candles and for buffalo sinews and for many other things. I remember that I saw a ripe tomato for the first time about 1874. The first apple I saw was in the late sixties. My father paid twenty-five cents apiece for a few apples and gave me one. I remember putting it in a cup on top of the piano. It may sound strange to the people who come after us, but it is the truth that there was a piano in our house before there was an apple. My father used to go to St. Cloud and St. Paul with the carts across the plain, and I remember his bringing from St. Paul a glass lamp for which he had paid ten shillings. It was one of the first glass lamps in Red River. That was in the late 1860's. He

brought a keg of oil with him and also a keg of molasses, and I remember that before we were through with that keg of molasses the taste of coal oil got into it in some way. I remember that my mother's wedding ring was made out of an English shilling cut with a knife by my father's uncle, Angus Matheson, to fit her finger. It was worn very thin when she died, and it was buried with her."

Among the Kildonan women whose memories go back to the 1840's, is Mrs. Joseph Good. "My own name was Mary Ann Kirton," she said, in telling memories. "My father, Peter Kirton, was one of a party brought out by the Company. The men were to work for the Company for five years and then each was to get a river lot with a frontage of four chains. There were thirteen families in the party. The Goods and the Gowlers were among them. They arrived at York Factory in 1836 and stayed there during the following winter. I was born in Kildonan in 1841. When I was two years old my mother died leaving a three days' old infant, a girl. I was taken into the family of a neighbor, Mrs. Cunningham. Another neighboring family took the new born infant and brought her up as one of their own children. Nothing was more common in Kildonan. There were many families which had children in them that had been taken in as I was by the Cunninghams. Mrs. Cunning-

ham said she had only five children of her own, and so it was easy for her to take me in. She kept me until I was sixteen, and then Donald Polson and his wife adopted me. My own father was dead, but Mr. Polson was a kind father to me. He and Mrs. Polson could not have been kinder to me if I had been their own born daughter. I remember that soon after I went to them I was bringing the sheep home one evening when I saw a nice little maple tree. After I had got the sheep home I went back and dug it up and brought it home, and I was planting it near the house when Mr. Polson asked me why I was planting it, and I told him that I loved to plant a tree. He said, 'Mary, I hope you will stay with us until that tree is as high as the house.' "

Two years ago Mrs. Good's son took her in his automobile to Kildonan. "I saw that tree," she said; "It is very much higher than the old house now. I can never forget how good the Polsons were to me. Mr. Polson's mother, who was one of the first Selkirk settlers, was a great sufferer for years from rheumatism, which was caused by the hardships and exposures she had been through. She was helpless in bed for a long time, but she was always cheerful and bore her sufferings with Christian patience. She kept her Bible by her constantly and used to read in it a great deal. I have seen her when she had an outbreak and the sweat would come on her forehead, but I never heard her

complain. She died before I was married to Joseph Good in 1860. He was the son of James Good, one of the men who had come out to York Factory with my father. When I was married Donald Polson gave me a cow and a heifer, and Mrs. Polson gave me bedding and other things. Mr. Polson had a table and four chairs made for me."

Joseph Good owned a river lot of four chains frontage on the Assiniboine. Newman Street in Winnipeg now runs through that lot. He had a log house ready to which he took his bride, and there the young couple began housekeeping sixty-three years ago. Mrs. Good has lived there ever since; but the original log house disappeared long ago. Joseph Good died in 1907, and his widow sold all the property except one hundred feet frontage on Wolseley Avenue at the corner of Newman Street, on which she built within fifty paces of the log house where she began her married life the house in which she lives now. She has brought up three sons, two nephews, two nieces, and a child of a nephew of her husband. When Mrs. Good moved in 1860 from her home on the banks of the Red to her new home on the Assiniboine she brought with her her love of planting trees. Along Wolseley Avenue and Newman Street and the other streets in that neighborhood there are rows of fine old trees which she planted when she was a young woman. On Wolseley

Avenue there is a row of maples, which she planted as seedlings not more than an inch high. The old lady said she remembered the day she planted them; and in telling about it she walked down from the front verandah of her house and over to a corner of the lawn where she took from the ground two or three little seedllng trees which she looked at for some time and then said, "Those trees were just like these little seedlings, when I planted them. There was a neighbour who saw me doing it, I remember, and came and joked with me about it and asked me if I expected to live to see those little seedlings grow up to be trees. I said that my children would hang swings from the limbs of the trees which the little seedlings would grow up to be. At that time my first child was only a baby. But he and my other children grew up to swing from those trees, and my grand-children, and my great-grand-children have swung from them."

V. On the St. Boniface Side

THREE Sisters of Charity of the order of Grey Nuns and two novices left Montreal in June, 1850, on a journey to Red River. They were three months on the way. Four of that party, after many busy years of service, have long been at rest in the burial plot of the Grey Nuns by the side of the cathedral of St. Boniface. The fifth, in her ninety-second year, is still living in the Grey Nuns convent near the cathedral. "You must be very careful not to excite her," said the sister who led the visitors along the corridor of the convent to the open door of a large bright room where Sister Laurent, small and frail, was waiting in a wheel-chair to receive them on an afternoon of the past summer. The visit had had to be postponed more than once on account of the feebleness of Sister Laurent, whose life had seemed for months to be fluttering on the verge of departure. Two days before the Sister Superior had said that the visitors might see her, the sacrament of extreme unction had been administered. "But today," said the sister who came along the corridor with the visitors, "Sister Laurent has taken hold of life again."

As she welcomed the visitors with a kind smile and little movements of her fragile hands, all the remaining vitality of the aged nun seemed to be concentrated in her eyes. They were remarkably bright, and lit up with interest the little wrinkled face which appeared smaller because of the enveloping hood. Mindful of the caution that she must not be excited, the visitors, asking few questions, listened to Sister Laurent as she told, in French, some of her earliest memories.

"I joined the order when I was a young girl of sixteen," she said, "and I made a vow that I would serve in some far-off mission field. My mother was a good and devout woman, and my father, too, was devout. He was a worker with leather. We lived on St. Antoine street in Montreal before I entered the religious life. I was born in 1832, the year of the cholera. I took my final vows when I was eighteen. Bishop Provencher came to the mother house of the order in Montreal and asked for sisters to help in the West, and so I came to Red River. It was my chance. I asked to be taken. And when I was accepted for this service I was happy."

The aged voice was silent for a while, and then went on. "We were three in the party. There were Sister Fiset and Sister L'Esperance and myself. We came from Lachine by boat and by stage again—I do not remember it all clearly—and at last we got to St. Paul,

St. Laurent

and then came across the plains. I was happy all the time, praying, and thinking of the work I was going to be permitted to do for God in this country. We did not like the pemmican at first as we came over the plains. When we saw the Indians I said to Sister L'Esperance, 'At last we are among the red men of the plains of whom we have read.' There had been a flood that summer, but the waters had gone down before the time we came across the plains. It was late in September we arrived in St. Boniface. We brought important documents for Bishop Taché, appointing him coadjutor Bishop of St. Boniface to Bishop Provencher. At first we took a holiday and visited all the houses, and saw all the people. Then, presently, we started work—washing, teaching and whatever else was to be done. In the next summer when it was harvest time and the sisters were out cutting the wheat by hand in our field next to the convent, working like the other women in the settlement who helped in the harvest, I wanted to help too. But after I had used the sickle a little while they would not let me do any more with it. They said I slashed with it too quickly, and they were afraid I would cut myself." Sister Laurent's black eyes twinkled more brightly as she smiled at the memory of her youthful impetuosity in wielding the sickle.

One of the visitors asked Sister Laurent if she remembered Sister Lagrave. "Yes," she said, "it was

Sister Lagrave who sat upon a chair on boards away up high and painted the walls of the first cathedral. Sometimes she would have two or three of the sisters away up there helping her, but most of the sisters trembled when they saw her go up so high."

A statue of the Virgin which was made by Sister Lagrave and her assistants stands in the hallway of the Nuns' Home near the Convent in St. Boniface and is regarded by the sisters as precious, both for its beauty and because it was made by the sister around whose name so many traditions cluster in St. Boniface, and who did so much to make the first St. Boniface cathedral with the turrets twain beautiful within. They say the moulds were made with plaster of Paris, paste and water. Sister Lagrave, they say, made also the crib and statue of the infant Jesus for the Christmas representation of the Birth in the stable at Bethlehem. It is worthy of note that visitors to Red River after the first St. Boniface cathedral was built seldom failed to mention in the records of their stay the beauty of the interior of that cathedral and the dignity and impressiveness of the ceremonials they witnessed there.

"Each of us," said Sister Laurent, "was appointed to do that which she was best fitted for. Some of us went into the houses where sick people were. They used to have measles and dysentery and inflammatory rheumatism, and small pox sometimes. We had

medicines from Montreal, but we also learned the uses of herbs that grew in this country, and how to help the sick people so as to ease their pain and aid them to get better."

"Oh no," answered Sister Laurent to a question by one of the visitors, "those two other sisters and myself who came together from Montreal—we were not the first sisters in the West. Four sisters came up six years before that. I knew them all. They were Sister Valade and Sister Lagrave and Sister Coutlee and Sister La France. It was the good Bishop Provencher who brought them. He first invited volunteers from the sisterhoods in the cities of the United States which he visited when he was going to Montreal from here, but he could not get any to come from those cities, and so when he came to Montreal and appealed to the nuns, the superiors of our order decided to have four sisters go to St. Boniface. I have told you what their names were. Those four sisters who came up here six years before I came travelled by the same route and came over the plains. They began teaching children here and carrying on the other work of our order."

The sister who had brought the visitors along the corridor interposed a remark here. "The venerable founder of our order, Madame d'Youville," she said, "was a sister of that famous man La Jemeraye, who was the nephew and lieutenant of La Verendrye, who

was the first white man to come to this country, in 1738. He arrived here at the Forks of the Red and the Assiniboine in September of that year."

"What was a day in the convent like?" said Sister Laurent, repeating a question of one of the visitors. "We used to get up at half-past four in the morning, and there was mass and then breakfast, and after that some of us would visit the houses of the people, and some would teach the classes in the convent, and others would sew, and others would do the washing. There was abundance of work for us all. We did not learn English, and I never came to use it. But I had been well educated in French, and after I was here a little while they wished me to teach in the school. But when I opened the door and saw those big boys, I had doubts, and I said, 'I do not want to teach school. Those boys are too big, and they will not mind me, I am sure.' So they appointed me to go about and visit the people. At first they gave me a horse and rig, but I used to have to get out and tie the horse at each house, and then untie him and get in again, and so I told them I would rather use my own feet. When it was muddy I had rubber boots, or sometimes shoes and rubbers. Sometimes a shoe with a rubber on it would come off in the mud. But in spite of this it was always my preference to walk instead of driving about. What were the houses like? They were just like the people's

houses in the country in Quebec. Sometimes it made me think I was back home when I was inside a house with the family, but when I came outside again it was different, and I knew then I was in the West."

By 1858 two convents had been established, one at White Horse Plains along the Assiniboine west from Fort Garry, and one at St. Norbert south from Fort Garry, in addition to the one in St. Boniface. "It was Sister Desautels and myself who began the convent at St. Norbert," said Sister Laurent. Afterwards Sister Laurent was the sister superior of that convent. For many years she was the housekeeper at the convent of St. Boniface. She was so busy and so devotedly absorbed in her work that she had little time for wishing to re-visit her old home in Montreal. But after she had been five years in the West there came a day when she was told by the Sister Superior that she might, if she wished, join the party which was making the annual trip to Montreal for supplies. But just before the time came for departure, word was received that the mother of one of the other sisters was ill in Quebec, and Sister Laurent gave up her chance of re-visiting her home, and said to the other sister, "You go." In later years, she said, there were other chances to re-visit Montreal, but her interests and responsibilities in Red River had so multiplied that she never felt she could spare the time to go.

"When I came here," she said, "I came to stay. And now that I can no longer work, I pray for them. It comes to you that you cannot be happy living for yourself. You want to help the little children, and the poor people and the old ones. It is not leaving the world—it is just doing something you want to do because you want to please God. When the good Bishop Provencher came to Montreal, and came to our Mother Superior, he said the sisters were not to answer all at once, but were to think seriously and to pray. And we all prayed for six days, asking the Holy Spirit to show us the way. And then those who felt the call offered themselves." Sister Valade, who founded the convent, died in 1861, in her fifty-third year; Sister Lagrave died two years earlier, at the age of fifty-four. Sister Mary Xavier, who is remembered as a woman of great courage and resource, is often spoken of by the aged residents of St. Boniface. She lost her left arm many years before her death, but she continued to sew and knit and perform her regular duties.

Of the school which Bishop Provencher established for the teaching of weaving Sister Laurent had no knowledge. It was before her time, she said. The destruction of that school by fire was always regarded by Bishop Provencher as one of the serious calamities that befell Red River. It was in 1838 that he opened the school. An arrangement was made by Governor

Simpson with the Bishop, by which the Company was to pay the salaries of two women instructors for three years, on condition that the Roman Catholic mission in St. Boniface gave them board and lodging. Two competent teachers were brought from Canada, and from the beginning the school was well attended by pupils who were making satisfactory progress. But in 1839 the building was burned down. "All the machinery for making cloth, the looms, cards, wool, cotton, tow, were all burned," wrote Bishop Provencher. "After the fire I did not know where to lodge the mistresses and their pupils. I have given them my stone house, and am lodged in my old sacristy, which gives me shelter from bad weather in summer, but does not render the same service in winter, as the wind prevents the making of a fire; it is a building long since abandoned, and is in very bad order."

The first Roman Catholic woman who was a teacher in the West was Angelique Nolin, who was of mixed blood, the daughter of Louis Nolin, a former officer of the North-West Company, who had married an Indian woman. Angelique Nolin and a younger sister had been sent to Quebec to be educated; on her return to Red River she resolved, on the earnest solicitation of Bishop Provencher, to organize and take charge of a school for girls at St. Boniface. But it was not until 1844, when he had succeeded in bringing the first Grey

Nuns to Red River, that Bishop Provencher felt that he had begun to get educational work established in his diocese.

Mme. Jean Baptiste Gauthier, of Lorette, who is now in her eighty-ninth year, came to Manitoba three years later than Sister Laurent, from Verchères, Quebec, where she was born. "I was Rosalie Germain until I was sixteen, when I was married", she said, in giving her recollections. "My husband was a builder. When we came West we had a small girl baby. We waited at St. Paul for some time until there was a large train of carts to travel all together. We were afraid of the Sioux on the plains." The infant who journeyed across the plains in 1853 was the first of fourteen children. Mme. Gauthier has many connections by marriage in Manitoba. Her youngest daughter is the wife of Roger Goulet, one of the staff of inspectors of the Department of Education. "I have always been interested in education," she said, smiling. "I was a teacher long before I had a school inspector for a son-in-law. When we came to St. Boniface first, my husband worked for four years on the cathedral. Then we came to Lorette and took a farm. I had been educated in a convent in Montreal. When I began to teach here I taught the children in the daytime, and in the evenings the married people. After five years at Lorette we moved to Ste. Anne, where we were for

ten years. And then we came back to Lorette. All the time I continued teaching. When my babies came, the women of the settlement used to help me with them, until my older girls grew up, so that I might be able to continue teaching. At Ste. Anne, a priest used to teach in our house in the mornings, and I taught in the afternoons. Our house always looked like a school, with all the children about. But before we left Ste. Anne, there was a log schoolhouse there."

Mme. Gauthier said that besides being mother to fourteen children of her own, she was godmother to many more. "In the harvest time," she went on, "school had to stop. The grain was cut with scythes and sickles. When the women helped, they used the sickles. We bound the sheaves with willow; we were careful not to lose, or waste, any of the precious grain. The hay we used to carry to the stack by hand."

One of Mme. Gauthier's sons told the story that one day she was sewing in the house when she heard a loud squealing outside. She ran out, and found that a bear was attacking a pig. Mme. Gauthier was so indignant, said her son, and so determined to save the pig that she called out to the bear to go away and leave the pig alone. "Mother spoke very severely to the bear," said the son, "as though he were a boy behaving badly in school, and he stood up and looked at her. He must have seen that she meant what she said, for

he did as he was told, and went away."

Stories of hay harvesting were told by Mme. Roger Marion and Mrs. Henry Donald Macdonald, who are sisters, the former, who was Julienne Carrière, now in her sixty-sixth year, the latter, who was Angelique Carrière, in her sixty-eighth. Both were born in Red River. Their father, Francois Carrière, a blacksmith in the service of the Company, was born in Red River, too, but his father was born in Boucherville, Quebec, and came to the West as a voyageur.

"The girls used to go out with the boys to the hay meadows," said Mme. Roger Marion, "and help in gathering up the hay. We had home-made rakes. We carried the hay to the stacks on poles, and after the stack was up we laid branches of trees over it so the wind would not blow the hay away before it settled down and became solid."

Mme. Marion's father-in-law was Narcisse Marion, whose house was a centre of hospitality on the St. Boniface side. "It was a great house for dances," said Mrs. Macdonald. "Many of the Kildonan people and the other people across the river used to come to our parties, and we went to theirs. We knew them all. My father used to take loads of grain to Mr. Tait's mill, and bring back the flour."

"I often saw Louis Riel, when I was a girl," Mrs. Macdonald added. "We all thought he was very

handsome. He was very polite and well educated, and he was distinguished looking, with fine wavy hair. He used to ride down from St. Norbert and St. Vital, and often stopped at our house. He was a fine horseman. I remember that once I went with Mr. Taylor, the United States Consul in Winnipeg whom everybody knew, to see Louis Riel's mother. I went as interpreter. Mr. Taylor desired to write something about Louis Riel. He was not here then; he was in the Western States somewhere. We found Mme. Riel very busy boiling soap outside her house, and stirring it with a wooden paddle. She would not say anything at all. She told me she did not want to talk to strangers about her son."

The name Desautels is well-known down the Ste. Anne road. The firstcomers of this family to the West left Montreal in 1864, and settled first at St. Francis Xavier, a year later at St. Boniface, and after a year there moved to the Ste. Anne road. Mme. Desautels was a woman of such kindliness and hospitality that her name is remembered gratefully by all the older people on the St. Boniface side. Travellers were always sure of shelter on arriving at her door. On one occasion she took in a man suffering with small-pox; she sent away her family from the house, and nursed him until he died. Her daughter, who is in her seventy-sixth year, is a sister in the Orphanage; three years ago she

celebrated her jubilee—the fiftieth anniversary of her entrance upon the religious life. She remembers Dr. Cowan well. "Once he saved my father's life," she said. Her father was for thirty years the postman along the Ste. Anne road, and is well remembered by many residents along that road. Mrs. McQuade, of Prairie Grove, whose name is deserving of record as

"TURRETS TWAIN"

one of the pioneer women of Manitoba, remembers hearing the story that Mme. Desautels was badly frightened by a party of Sioux Indians who came to her house and sharpened their knives and behaved threateningly. She fed them, and they went away,

doing no more harm than terrifying her and her children.

Among the young men who came to the West in the closing months of the Red River era one who was destined to take a leading part in the shaping of public affairs was Joseph Dubuc, who after serving in the Executive Council of the Northwest Territories, and later as a Minister in the Manitoba Government, and after that as a member of the Dominion Parliament, was appointed to the bench of the Court of Queen's Bench of Manitoba, and died in 1914, Sir Joseph Dubuc, retired Chief Justice of Manitoba. When he came to St. Boniface first he lived with Bishop Taché, with whom he had a close and lifelong friendship. The loss of a letter in the fire which destroyed Chicago in the fall of 1871 troubled for a time the course of true love between him and Mlle. Anne Hénault, of St. Cuthbert, in Quebec, whom he hoped to make his bride. He went to Montreal in the following spring. When the young couple were making their journey of romance to the West in the summer of 1872, an elderly woman asked the bride what their destination was, and on being told, said she had been watching them and would have said they were travelling to Paradise. "But on the morning after we arrived in St. Boniface," said Lady Dubuc, who, in her seventy-fifth year, is an honored figure among the pioneers of Manitoba, "I

told my husband that I was afraid the mosquitoes would drive me from my Paradise. Bishop Taché told me they would soon cease to trouble me, and he said the truth. I don't know whether he laid a special blessing on me, or a ban on the mosquitoes for my special benefit, but they soon stopped biting me."

Mme. Dubuc lost no time after her arrival in turning to account her energy and organizing ability in church and charitable work. She was the first president of the women's organization in aid of the hospital and the orphanage of St. Boniface. She brought up a large family, of whom the daughters were sent to the Convent in Montreal to be educated, and the sons to Manitoba University. On an afternoon in the past summer when Lady Dubuc was in an adjoining room playing the piano for her own pleasure, her eldest daughter, Mme. Bourgouin, of Winnipeg, said that the evening before when her mother was at the piano a grandson said she should be dancing instead. Lady Dubuc, yielding her place at the piano to a granddaughter, danced with him, and insisted on being shown the newest steps. "My earliest memories of my mother," said Mme. Bourgouin, "are of her always working and being always gay. She could never have done the immense amount of work she did in her own house and in her constant church and charitable activities and the duties which fell to her on account of my

father's public position, if she had not been such a good planner, besides being so energetic. I used to say to her that she should have been a general at the head of an army."

Whittier never saw the Red River, but his poem has preserved a true vision of what the cathedral of St. Boniface, with its call of the angelus bell at morning, noon and sunset every day, and its gay chimes on Sundays and saints' days, with its arched decorated ceiling, the pictured stations of the cross on its walls and its sanctuary lamp keeping perpetual vigil before the high altar, meant to the French-speaking "boatman on the river" and "hunter on the plain";

The Red River Voyageur

"Out and in the river is winding
  The links of its long, red chain,
Through belts of dusky pine land
  And gusty leagues of plain.

"Only at times, a smoke wreath
  With the drifting cloud-rack joins—
The smoke of the hunting lodges
  Of the wild Assiniboines.

"Drearily blows the north wind
  From the land of ice and snow;
The eyes that look are weary,
  And heavy the hands that row.

"And with one foot on the water,
  And one upon the shore,
The Angel of Shadow gives warning
  That day shall be no more.

"Is it the clang of wild geese,
  Is it the Indian's yell,
That lends to the voice of the north wind
  The tones of a far-off bell?

"The voyageur smiles as he listens
  To the sound that grows apace;
Well he knows the vesper ringing
  Of the bells of St. Boniface.

"The bells of the Roman Mission,
  That call from their turrets twain,
To the boatman on the river,
  To the hunter on the plain.

"Even so in our mortal journey
  The bitter north winds blow,
And thus upon life's Red River,
  Our hearts, as oarsmen, row.

"And when the Angel of Shadow
  Rests his feet on wave and shore,
And our eyes grow dim with watching,
  And our hearts faint at the oar,

"Happy is he who heareth
  The signal of his release
In the bells of the Holy City,
  The chimes of eternal peace."

If Whittier could have visited Red River seventy years ago, he would have found a theme for a companion poem in the building of the manse and church by the Kildonan people, a flock that had waited so long the coming of its shepherd. That work was carried on in the spirit of the time when "the people gathered themselves together as one man to Jerusalem" and "the builders laid the foundation of the temple of the Lord." The Puritan in Whittier would have responded to the appeal of Kildonan, as the poet in him to the appeal of the light-hearted and high-spirited Métis, who wore such bright colors and talked so fast and gaily, who danced all night on occasion, and sang their paddle songs on the river and found in the services in the cathedral of St. Boniface, with the shining candles and the smell of incense, balm to their souls.

VI. Just Below the Forks

IT IS recorded in the diary of J. Wesley Bond, who accompanied Governor Ramsay of the Territory of Minnesota on an expedition to make a treaty with the Indians below Pembina, that Mr. Bond, Lieutenant Corley and John Black, who was then on his way to take up his work as first Presbyterian minister in Red River, arrived at the Forks on Friday, September 19th, 1851. Mr. Black had travelled from St. Paul with Governor Ramsay's party, and Mr. Bond and Lieutenant Corley had decided to come with him and see the Red River community for themselves. Writing in his diary that evening in the house of Sheriff Ross, Mr. Bond apostrophizes the settlement:

> As I saw thee today, so shall I always see thee. And to the latest hour of my existence thy beauties will, to my mind's eye at least, remain indelibly printed. I feel satisfied that, though absent thousands of weary miles my thoughts will always dwell on Red River with rapturous emotion.

On the following evening he wrote in his diary:

> Saturday, 20th.—Cloudy, raw and cold most of the day; very unpleasant out of doors; but as my time here is precious I paid no attention to it. What is wind or weather to a man who never expects to get to Red River in his life again, a whole

month's march of twenty miles per day to the west of sundown, by which I mean St. Paul? Called at Fort Garry, and made the acquaintance of Major Caldwell, the Governor. Also met at the Fort Dr. Cowan and Messrs. Pelly, Lane and Logan, Jr. Dined at the Fort at two o'clock. Close by the Fort is the fine large mansion-house of Mr. McDermot, a very wealthy Irish gentleman, who came out to the Colony in 1812, a free, good, hearty, sociable gentleman, who has an open house for friend or stranger. I paid my compliments to him and to his son-in-law, Mr. Bannatyne, a very polite and friendly personage, as are all I met. Here I met a number of the fair ladies of the settlement; ladies of much beauty, educated and accomplished, and of fortune, I am told. Wine was passed around, and much pleasant conversation indulged in; and I, a stranger, found myself almost at home. Who could leave such company? I could not, and the consequence of it was that I found myself up, and in a very lively mood, till after the witching time of night, in close confab with the old gentleman, all about the Colony, its affairs, past, present, and prospective, at great length. Mr. McDermot can talk more and faster than any half dozen men I ever met before, and he would have regaled me till the early dawn, without tiring.

On the following evening Mr. Bond wrote in his diary that he had "had the pleasure of meeting the ladies of the Fort," and he added: "they will compare favorably with any I have ever met amid the fashionable life of an Eastern city." And before he and Lieutenant Corley started back to Pembina to join the party of Governor Ramsay, he confided to his diary

his reluctance to depart. "Amid all my wanderings over this earth of ours," he wrote, "I have never been more kindly treated, nor made the friendship of more whole-souled people. I have never in so short a time become so much attached to any place, nor left any place with such keen regret."

Not unfittingly here may be inserted a passage from a letter written on November 27th, 1868, by Charles Mair and published several weeks later in The Toronto Globe, which gives a glimpse of a dinner party in Fort Garry seventeen years after Mr. Bond's visit:

> We had a pleasant stay at Fort Garry, and received all sorts of entertainment. They live like princes here. Just fancy what we had at a dinner party! Oyster soup, white fish, roast beef, roast prairie chicken, green peas, tomatoes stewed, and stewed gooseberries, plum pudding, blanc mange, raisins, nuts of all kinds, coffee, port and sherry, brandy punch and cigars, concluding with whist until four o'clock a.m. There is a dinner for you, in the heart of the continent, with Indian skin lodges within a stone throw!

In reading the all too brief record Mr. Bond has left of his short visit to the settlement, we cannot but regret that he wrote no more about the women of Red River than the words which have been quoted. The only person in Red River of whom he has left a portrait was Andrew McDermot.

Sheriff Ross said of Andrew McDermot that he could speak the language of the Indians better than the

Indians themselves, that he could run like a deer and endure cold like an Eskimo dog, and that there was no better judge of men and horses in Red River, or any man who was his equal in address and accommodating qualities, in humor and shrewdness and the power of making money. He was born in Bellangare House, Castlerea, in the County of Rosscommon, Ireland, in 1790, and came out in the ship which brought the second party of men for the Selkirk settlement. He arrived at the Red river in 1812 and before 1840 he had made himself the wealthiest man in the settlement. His granddaughter, Miss Jane Mary Truthwaite who lives at Lockport on the banks of the Red, heard him say more than once that he had learned Gaelic in crossing the Atlantic. "I think," said Miss Truthwaite, in telling this, "that it was my grandfather's knowledge of Irish made it easy for him to learn Gaelic. I never heard anybody else say Gaelic was easy to learn. He was always joking. As an old man his hair, became silvery white and he wore it rather long. His eyebrows, too, were silvery white, and he had a twinkle in his blue eyes to the last, and a humorous turn to his mouth. When he had to take to his bed in the spring of 1881 he said in his Irish way, as he was being tucked in, 'My body, mind you, is as young as ever, and my mind is as good as ever, but my legs seem to be played out. I think I'll lie down and take it easy for the rest of the

time.' " Six months later he died. His body rests in St. John's churchyard. His wife, Sarah McNab, of one of the oldest Company families, whom he married at Norway House in 1812, died six years before him. There were fifteen children born of their union, nine daughters and six sons.

THE FIRST ST. JOHN'S

The first child, Marie, born in 1816, grew up to marry Richard Lane, an officer in the Company's service, with whom she went to Vancouver when he was transferred to that post. She died at Vancouver, leaving two small children, a boy and a girl, whose father, unable to have them cared for properly at the

coast, sent them in baskets on the backs of mules through the Rockies and across the plains to their grandfather in Red River, who brought them up. The girl grew up to marry Alexander Logan, who was elected mayor of Winnipeg four times in the first decade of the city's history; she was the mother of Mrs. William Bannatyne, of Sturgeon Creek. The second child of Andrew McDermot was Ellen, who became Mrs. Thomas Bird. Mr. Bird lived in a house adjoining the McDermot residence, Emerald Grove, and managed the windmill which Mr. McDermot built near by. The third daughter, Kathleen, born in 1827, married Thomas Truthwaite of St. Andrew's, one of the men who were up before daylight to turn the first sod in the digging of the foundation for St. Andrew's church, only to find that Archdeacon Cochrane had begun work with the spade before them. The fourth daughter, Mary Sally, became the wife of William McTavish, who was Governor of Red River and the District of Assiniboia when the Riel insurrection began in 1869. The fifth daughter, Anne, married A. G. B. Bannatyne, who became the wealthiest merchant after Andrew McDermot in Red River, and was active in Provincial and Dominion politics. Another daughter, Harriet born in 1842, married Alexander Ralph Lillie; she is a widow now and lives at Lockport in a house near Miss Truthwaite's.

Miss Truthwaite was born in 1853 in Emerald Lodge, and christened in the spacious kitchen of the house at St. Andrew's, which was then being built. She lived at St. Andrew's until as a young woman in her twenties she returned to Emerald Lodge with her widowed mother after the death of Mrs. McDermot to keep house for her grandfather during the closing years of his life. "My earliest recollections of my grandfather are that he was always very good to us children," said Miss Truthwaite. "I remember playing as a child on the verandah of Emerald Lodge that faced south towards Fort Garry. I remember too the log sill of the door of my grandfather's store, for I stumbled over it many a time. He was always fond of teasing, and I remember that when he was quite old and used to sit in his square chair smoking his pipe, with his hands resting on the oak stick he always liked to have, you could never be sure what trick he wouldn't play on you if you got within reach of him. When we were going somewhere and were all dressed up, with the trains we used to wear, we used to have to hold our trains and keep well away from him or he would suddenly put out his stick and try to hold the train of a dress to the floor with it. I remember one Hallowe'en when the children had masks and were making great preparations for playing pranks. They persuaded Mr. Bannatyne to put on a mask and drape a shawl about

himself and walk up to my grandfather as he was sitting in his chair, just when the evening was growing dark. They were all watching from around the corner of the verandah to see what would happen. I should tell you that Mr. Bannatyne had a very deliberate walk and planted his feet heavily, with the toes well out. Just as he came in front of grandfather, and the children were all ready to break out in shrieks of laughter, the old gentleman said solemnly, 'Andrew Graham Ballenden Bannatyne, you forgot to put masks on your feet!' That was just like him."

Miss Truthwaite remembers how her grandfather used to search humorously the pockets of his small grandchildren who had been exploring the corners of his store, to see that they were not carrying away lumps of sugar. "The store was a place of wonder for us," she said. "There was everything in it. It would be easier for me to say what there was not in it than what there was in it. Paper and string were not used. When a person bought some tea, or some sugar, or anything else that today would be put in a paper bag, he used also to buy a cotton handkerchief to wrap it in. The Indians were very fond of tea, and they used to treasure a cotton handkerchief in which some tea had been wrapped, as long as it kept any of the odor of the tea, which they considered a delightful fragrance. When I was young my grandfather, though he was then in his

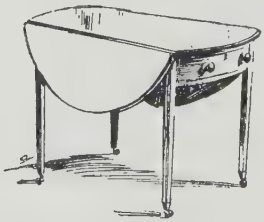
seventies, used often to attend to the customers himself. But later my Uncle Miles took charge of the store. I went to Miss Davis's school at St. Andrew's when I was ten years old. I remember our early breakfasts and our stately walks, and how Miss Emma Lane assisted Miss Davis in the work of the school. There were about thirty pupils, all boarders. We all slept upstairs, there being four or five beds in each room in the dormitory. The girls who came from posts in the interior, as well as from the different parts of Red River, ranged in age from ten to eighteen. We were taught reading, writing, spelling, music, and especially deportment. We had to read very well, and Miss Davis was extremely particular about the accuracy of our spelling, and even more particular about the propriety of our behaviour and our manner of walking and sitting. They used to say that after a girl came out of Miss Davis's school she sat down as though she had a basket of eggs balanced on her head, and that you could pick out Miss Davis's pupils anywhere. We read the Scriptures daily, and walked in a body to attend St. Andrew's church twice on Sunday. I remember that when Miss Davis told us that the world was round like an orange and slightly flattened at the poles, she had to explain to us what an orange was like, for of course none of us had ever seen one." In connection with Miss Truthwaite's mention of the fact that girls came from posts

in the interior to Miss Davis's school, it is worthy of note that in the early 1850's Colin Campbell, an officer of the Company, who had for many years been stationed at Fort Dunvegan, sent nine of his daughters to Red River at one time to attend Miss McCallum's school — "a boatload of handsome young girls," to quote from a letter of the time.

Mrs. Lillie, now in her eighty-first year, is confined to her bed by the injury she suffered in a fall a few months ago. Her memory is good. She was at Miss Davis's school at St. Andrew's with Janet Gunn, whom she mentioned specially in speaking of her school days. She was married in St. John's church by Bishop Anderson. Mr. and Mrs. Lillie spent the first year of their married life in Lower Fort Garry. From there they went out to the Prince Albert district, and after that to Cumberland House for several years, and then to Fort Alexander, and lastly to Fort Francis where Mr. Lillie died. Like Miss Truthwaite, Mrs. Lillie spoke of Andrew McDermot's affection for his family "It used to seem to me," she said, "that the whole settlement was pervaded by his kindliness. I remember hearing him say more than once that he was a very good looking young man when he came to this country. 'You mightn't think so now,' he would say, 'but I used to have bright blue eyes and nice red hair. Mother knows!'"

The interior of her father's house as it was in her childhood years Mrs. Lillie remembers distinctly. "It was a very large two-storey house, built of logs, with weatherboard on top. It was plastered inside. A hallway ran down the middle, with two large rooms on each side of it at the front. There were fireplaces of mud, which were afterwards of brick, in each of those rooms. The bedrooms upstairs were heated by Carron box-stoves. There was good walnut furniture in the living room — some heavy chairs and other things that are still in use, some of them in Miss Truthwaite's house and in Mrs. Willie Bannatyne's house at Sturgeon Creek. The grandfather's clock in Miss Truthwaite's house was one of my father's pieces of furniture which I remember as a child," Mrs. Lillie said.

ANDREW MCDERMOT'S CHAIR AND TABLE



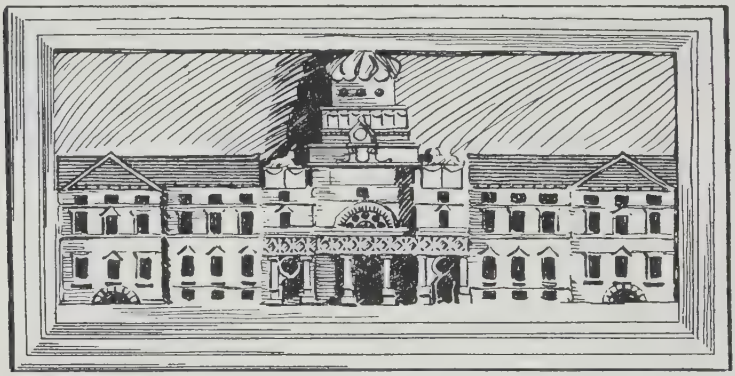
Mrs. William Bannatyne has in her house at Sturgeon Creek the square oak chair in which Andrew

McDermot used to sit; the rung between the front legs close to the ground is worn deep where his feet rested on it. Mrs. Bannatyne has also the Sheraton mahogany table on which her grandfather's breakfast used to be served during the closing years of his life. Among the many interesting relics which Mrs. Bannatyne cherishes is an album in which there are photographs from the old Red River time, Mrs. Cowan, Mrs. William Kennedy, Mrs. Bernard Ross, Mrs. Thomas inclair, all in hoopskirts of wide circumference, Bishop Anderson, in his episcopal apron and gaiters, slightly bald, with bushy hair above the ears, William Inkster, in a high hat, Dr. John Black, with hair swept aside from his forehead, clean-shaven upper lip, and straight white beard, Dr. Schultz, his powerful head set strongly on his broad shoulders, Hector Mackenzie, with thick, curly hair, a double-breasted waistcoat, a voluminous tie and a slim-waisted coat with broad skirts, and others, including Andrew McDermot as he was in his late fifties, with high broad forehead, heavy eyebrows over steady, penetrating eyes set well apart, fine, straight nose, mobile, humorous mouth and square chin — a face showing character and power, with white hair hanging over his ears and framing the face, like a portrait of some eighteenth century judge, a low-cut waistcoat showing an expanse of pleated bosom, and a coat with wide lapels, thrown apart. A silver spoon

with a coin of George IV welded in the bottom of it, which her great-grandfather brought with him from Ireland, and a China cup which he treasured because his father had used it, are among the many relics of Andrew McDermot which Mrs. Bannatyne possesses. Mrs. Bannatyne has a small shuttle which Robert Logan made with his penknife for Mrs. Cowan to use in the form of fancy work with linen thread known as tatting. Mrs. Cowan used it many years, and then gave it to Mrs. Bannatyne as a souvenir of her paternal grandfather, whose second wife was Mrs. Ingham, whose school at Point Douglas was the first school Mrs. Cowan was sent to as a small child. Mrs. Bannatyne has also a remarkable miniature model of the old Law Courts in Edinburgh, which was made by Miss Elizabeth Ballenden who married William Bannatyne, the father of A.G.B. Bannatyne.

Five hundred acres about Fort Garry were reserved by the Company as a camping space for the plains traders when they came in from the West to trade. Adjoining this common was the property of Andrew McDermot, a river lot with ten chains frontage on the Red and extending back two miles. McDermot Avenue in the city of Winnipeg marks the north boundary of that property. Adjoining the McDermot lot on the north was the lot of A. G. B. Bannatyne, which had a like frontage on the river and extended by the side of

the McDermot lot two miles out on the prairie. Bannatyne Avenue marks the north boundary of the Bannatyne lot. Next came the lot of Sheriff Alexander Ross, whose name is likewise perpetuated in Ross Avenue. William Avenue and James Avenue bear the names of two of his sons. Next to the Ross property came that of the Logans, which included the site of Fort Douglas. Beyond the Logan property lay the Point Douglas common.



MODEL OF EDINBURGH LAW COURTS MADE IN CARDBOARD BY MRS. BANNATYNE

Robert Logan came to the West in the service of the North-West Company in 1801. His only surviving child, Barbara Logan, who is now Mrs. E. L. Barber, was eighty-nine years old on July 21st last. On the evening of that day two representatives of the Women's Canadian Club of Winnipeg called on her at her home

on Euclid Avenue, Point Douglas. Mrs. Barber was born at Point Douglas in 1834, and was married in 1862. The house she lives in is the oldest inhabited house in Winnipeg which one family has occupied continuously. It is heated by one of the old Carron box stoves from Scotland, which were the first stoves brought to Red River. It has no pan in front of the door. On its smooth top bannocks were often baked. Sometimes an oven was placed on top of the Carron stove. Trees which were planted by her husband now tower above Mrs. Barber's house. The outside of the house was coated with stucco last year; an examination of the squared and mortised oak timbers of which the walls are built was made at the time, and they were found to be perfectly sound. The house was built in 1865.

On the evening of her eighty-ninth birthday Mrs. Barber chatted with her daughters, Mrs. Charles Graham and Mrs. Sparrow, and her visitors, on the verandah of her house. She is small and frail, and can no longer walk about actively, but her mind is active, her memory excellent and her sight and hearing extraordinarily good. Before automobiles became common she was fond of being driven about in a carriage with a span of horses; and later she had an automobile in which she liked to be taken for long drives. In recent years she has seldom gone outside the grounds about

her own house. She likes her friends to call on her. "Mrs. Cowan comes to see me very often," she said, "though she is two years older than I am." She can read and sew without glasses. Part of the afternoon of her eighty-ninth birthday she spent in hemming a tablecloth.

Mrs. Barber has been a widow fourteen years. She showed her visitors the marriage license which Mr. Barber obtained from Bishop Anderson sixty-one years ago, a document with the Bishop's seal upon it in red sealing wax. In telling about the many activities of her father by which he made himself one of the wealthy men of Red River Mrs. Barber mentioned his purchase from the Company in 1825 of the site of Fort Douglas and all the buildings on that site, including the windmill then in course of construction. The total price he paid was £400. The mill, whose history had been one of failure and costliness to the estate of Lord Selkirk, for lack of the knowledge and skill needed to set up properly the machinery sent out from Scotland, had a history of success and profit after Robert Logan became its owner. For years it was the only mill in Red River. "It was a big round building like a tower," said Mrs. Barber, "broader at the bottom than at the top, and it had great sails that flapped around and around when there was a good wind and there was grinding to be done. Except for the sails, it used to remind me of a

picture of a lighthouse in a book which was given to me by Mrs. Ingham to whose school I went after leaving the St. John's parochial school."

In the flood of 1826 when the Red river rose very rapidly, the mill on Point Douglas was a tower of refuge. "I remember," said Mrs. Barber, "hearing as

THE BARBER HOUSE

a child the stories of how women and children — yes, and poultry too, and some pigs, and maybe a cow or two — were hurried to the mill, and how the people and the poultry, at any rate, went on the upper floor and waited there until the men could come with boats and take them off and carry them back to the high

ground some miles out to the west. The flood carried away many buildings, but my father's mill stood solid through it all, and ground flour for the settlement until the flood of 1852, and it stood through that flood too and ground flour for a good many years after that. Mrs. Ingham who after my mother's death became the second Mrs. Robert Logan, told me that when she first came to Red River she saw a buffalo trail down to the river at Point Douglas. I know that a buffalo trail to a drinking place on the bank of the Red River used to run through what is now the central business part of Winnipeg. It came down through the part where Central Park is now and over across Portage Avenue. As late as the 1880's, or perhaps even the 1890's, you could see it plainly, crossing some lots that had not yet been built on. I myself never saw a buffalo in the old days, except one that Andrew McDermot kept in a corral not far from Emerald Grove. Once that buffalo broke out of the corral, and I have a distinct recollection of its browsing on Point Douglas common, with its great, black, shaggy head down to the ground, when the men that Mr. McDermot sent came on horseback to round it up and take it back to his place."

VII. St. Andrew's on the Red

IN a stone house which still stands on a knoll on the west bank of the Red river within a few hundred yards of St. Andrew's church lives Mrs. Norquay, the widow of the Hon. John Norquay who was Premier of Manitoba from 1878 until 1888, and died in 1889; the Province has had no other Premier who was born in the West. The house stands between the river and the river road, which dips from that knoll as it comes westward along the low river bank; a road forks from the river road to the high ground on which the church stands. Mrs. Norquay, who was born in 1842 at Park's Creek, a short distance up the river, in the neighborhood which is known now as Parkdale, where the electric railway between Winnipeg and Selkirk crosses the creek by the side of which John Tait built his water mill some three score years ago, lives with her daughter, Mrs. John McAllister. The stone house was built by Captain William Kennedy, a man whose name deserves a high place in the history of the West.

In an old chair which was among her wedding gifts, Mrs. Norquay sat in a room whose windows give wide views up and down the river, on an afternoon last summer, and told some of the memories of her long

life. As a child she went to school at Park's Creek, where John Garrioch was the teacher. The children would take with them to school a bannock each to eat at the noon hour, and after thay had eaten their bannocks they would play "cross-tag," "wolf," "button" and other games. In the winter as many of them as could find room on an old buffalo robe, which they would use as a toboggan, would slide down the river bank. "The first thing every morning at school was the reading of a chapter of the Bible," said the old lady. "After recess there would be another chapter. And school closed in the afternoon with prayer. The desks were sloping boards along the wall. The little children who were beginners had cards with the alphabet and little words on them. In the winter most of the girls used to come wearing coats made with two-point "H.B." blankets, with a leather cord to hold them together. And we wore woollen caps and moccasins, of course. outside of duffels made of the white or blue blanket-cloth and coming up to the knees and tied there to keep the snow out. At the school we had slates and slate-pencils. A boy or girl who had no pencil used a lump of clay instead, and if there were little pieces of stone in it they scratched the slate and you could rub the writing off, but not the scratches. When we came home from school at four in the afternoon there was always work for us to do, such work as teasing a great

bunch of wool for the women to card next day. Our clothes were made out of homespun. Everybody had sheep.

"On the floor of the house where I was born," Mrs. Norquay went on, "there were Indian mats, as we used to call them. The Indians wove them with rushes, and stained them with vegetable dyes which they made themselves. We made all our own furniture. In my father's old house when we came in at the front door we were in the dining-room, and the kitchen was back of it. The other rooms in the house were bedrooms. The fireplace was made with mud and so was the chimney. Whole logs of white poplar used to burn in the fireplace. The girls had chores to do every evening and every morning, too, before school. We all used to get up very early, and the men would go out to the barns to thresh with a flail, or to do other work, and the girls would help in milking the cows and feeding them, and in feeding the calves and pigs. Then, when everybody came in for breakfast, the Bible was read and we had prayers before we sat down to eat."

Mrs. Norquay's father, George Setter, was in the Company's service. Her mother died when she was two years old. "Our family came from the Orkneys and were here long before the first of the Selkirk settlers came," she said. "I used to hear my father telling stories about the Orkneys which he had from his father,

and many and many a time I used to wonder what it was like in the old country. Once, when I was a young woman, before I was married, my mother's sister was going to the old country and she wanted to take me with her. I wanted to go with her. There have been very few things that I have longed for more than I longed to go on that voyage with my aunt across the Atlantic. But my father would not let me go."

John Norquay and Elizabeth Setter were married at Portage la Prairie in 1862. "Mr. Norquay was twenty-one when we were married," Mrs. Norquay, said "and I was twenty. When I met him first he was teaching school and I was keeping house for my brother." It was the custom to have marriages on Wednesdays before noon, and then there would be three days' dancing, and on the Sunday the newly-wedded couple would go to church together. Mrs. Norquay wears constantly a brooch which contains a miniature of her husband. The old lady speaks always gently and almost shyly; but there is pride in her soft voice when she speaks of him. Telling of her early married life, she said: "We worked hard and were happy. "We did not have much but our wants were simple. I had never believed that I could live on fish, as we had to do when the grasshoppers came and ate everything green. We had a farm at High Bluff then. Before our supply of flour was all used, we moved up to Lake

Manitoba, so that we could get fish. We mixed our flour with fish and made what we used to call fish rolls. There was a salt spring there and the French people used to make salt and sell a lot of it. Salt was a scarce thing in the settlement. We preserved our meat by drying, not by salting. Sugar was scarce, too, and we had no cakes or pies in those days, and we had to preserve our berries by drying. We used to dry raspberries, saskatoons and blueberries. They would dry in a cake, and when we wanted some for the table we would break a piece off the cake and put sugar with it. The women used to pound choke cherries and put them with the pemmican, just as we use currant jelly with mutton."

Among the winter nights' occupations for the girls, which Mrs. Norquay mentioned, was "knocking barley." The barley was put in the hollowed bowl-like block of wood which was used for this purpose, and the girls would take turns, some in pounding it with a long-headed wooden mallet, while others kept turning the barley with a stick or a long-handled spoon. When the grain was all separated from the hulls it was winnowed, and was then ready for use in making barley broth. Mrs. Norquay told of the hay-cutting which began on a day fixed by proclamation towards the end of July. The two miles of hinterland behind each river lot was up to a certain date known as the "hay privilege" of the owner of the lot, but in actual practice

the whole prairie back of the Selkirk settlers' lots was common ground for hay-cutting. Before the day fixed for the beginning of hay-cutting each year, the best hay meadows were spied out, and each man had planned where he was to cut hay. In dry years when there was a scarcity of hay it was usual for the men to go out and be in readiness to start hay-cutting on the stroke of midnight. A man pre-empted his hay area by making a circle around it with a scythe. "It happened more than once," said Mrs. Norquay, "that the marking out of the hay circles was begun in the middle of the night in a thunder storm." Each man's ownership of the area he had marked out was always respected. The survivors from the old Red River time have many stories about the hay-cutting. The men went out and camped on the prairie in tents, riding home every Saturday evening for the Sunday. In speaking of the constant spirit of good-will and mutual helpfulness among the people of Red River, Mrs. Norquay said that when a prairie fire destroyed the hay-stacks of a family the neighbors always supplied the deficiency. When one of the MacBeths lost his hay-stack by a prairie fire, his neighbors put a hundred cart-loads into his farm yard the next day.

St. Andrew's, like all the other churches in which the people of Red River met for worship, was built by the devoted labor of the people themselves. When the

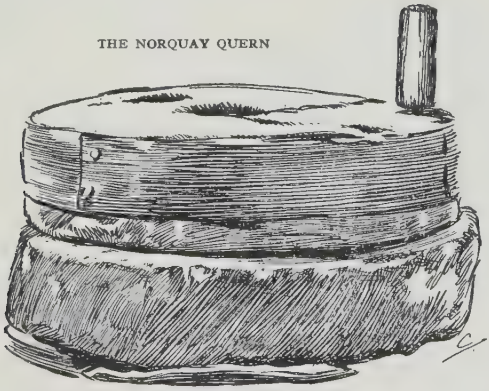
lines for the foundation of the church were marked out and work was to be begun the following day, several of the men arose before dawn in order to be the first to turn a sod. As the earliest of them arrived on the ground they found that Archdeacon Cochrane was there before them and had already done more than an hour's work with his spade. In building the walls the heavy stones were carried up by men who used harness around their shoulders for the work. Before Archdeacon Cochrane died he asked that his body be buried within the sound of St. Andrew's rapids and where the feet of the worshippers in St. Andrews church would pass near his grave; and he had his wish. Speaking of St. Andrew's Mrs. Norquay had many recollections of the Archdeacon. "He was a man of extraordinary energy," she said, "and concerned himself with everything in the life of the settlement. If he were riding along the road and saw a farmer ploughing and not making a straight furrow, the Archdeacon would get off his horse and go to the man at the plough and take hold of the plough handles and help him to straighten out the crooked furrow. He often had odd ways of expressing himself, both in the pulpit and out of it. I remember once when he was marryring a couple, he said to them after the ceremony, 'Now, William, you must be kind to Sarah. See that she always has a pail of water on hand. Get in wood for

her. Do not leave her to fetch it herself. And do not let the cupboard get empty. And you, Sarah, must be good to William and take care of him. Take care of William's clothes. Never let him come to church without his trousers being neatly patched.' One day the Archdeacon was riding along the river road. He was passing an Indian tepee when he heard sounds coming from it which told him that the Indian was beating his wife. The Archdeacon got off his horse, went to the side of the road and cut a willow stick, and gave the Indian a beating with it, and told him that he would punish him more severely if he heard of his beating his wife again."

Among the many interesting relics of the old Red River time which Mr. McAllister has in his house is a quern, the ancient form of mill for grinding wheat; it consists of two round stones. The upper stone is ground round by hand upon the fixed nether stone. Jesus had it in mind when he said: "Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken and the other left." The women of Kildonan ground thus at the mill, in the time before there were windmills in the settlement; and the quern was often in use even after there were windmills. Mrs. Norquay said: "We used to take wheat to one of the mills to be ground. Sometimes for lack of wind, the windmills could not grind and John Tait's water mill at Parkdale, on the creek

between St. Andrew's and St. Paul, was in such times kept busy, but for many years the windmills were the only mills. Sometimes there would be a breeze strong enough to give them power to grind, but not to bolt. The north and northwest winds were the best for the mills. The south and east winds were not so strong and steady. When we had to do the bolting ourselves we used to do it with a sieve of brass wire which we would hang from a beam and spread a white cloth under it on a table, then by pouring in the ground but unbolted grist we had brought from the mill and shaking the sieve we would get flour."

THE NORQUAY QUERN

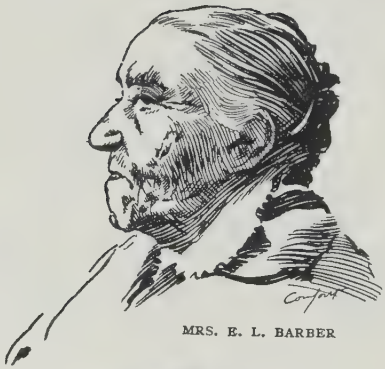


Mrs. Norquay proposed to her visitors that as the afternoon was so fine they should go outdoors. There are rustic seats on the grounds between the stone house and the high river bank. Walking towards them, the

old lady went into a clump of trees, and stooping, pulled from the ground a plant with a tuberous root. "This is the wild potato, which the Indians call askipawah," she said, and went on to tell about the wild turnip of the prairie, which the Selkirk settlers in the times of scarcity of food in the early years used to search for and eat. The red willow, she said, furnished not only a substitute for tobacco in its inner bark, which when dried and rubbed, was known as kinikinik, but the same inner bark was used in making a poultice for any swelling; and the inner bark of the poplar, which has a bitter-sweet taste just like grapefruit was eaten as a tonic in the spring. "There was a root which we used to call the buffalo root," Mrs. Norquay added. "It did not grow near the river, but out on the plain. I remember my uncle giving me a piece of it to chew, when I was a child. It was not unlike licorice. And I can remember hearing the old people, when I was in my childhood, speaking of the Indian remedy for scurvy, which was a drink made from the sap of the white spruce."

Asked about the different ways of cooking pemmican Mrs. Norquay said that the voyageurs often ate the pemmican without cooking it. "A handful of pemmican was a meal," she added. "There were two ways in which pemmican was cooked. One, which was known as rubaboo, was made by boiling the pemmican

MRS. JOHN NORQUAY



MRS. E. L. BARBER

LADY DUBUC

with potatoes, and with onions and any other vegetables. The name of the other dish, rowshow, was probably a corruption of rechauffe. It was made by shredding the pemmican and mixing flour and water with it and frying the mixture in a pan. This was the voyageur's favorite way of cooking it. Of course, there were several grades of pemmican. It was made on the plains by the women who accompanied the buffalo hunters. They pounded the buffalo meat and then poured melted buffalo fat over it and sewed it up in buffalo hide. Some pemmican was made carelessly. Pemmican made carefully from the best parts of the buffalo, with the right mixture of sugar and berries to correct the greasiness, was very good. The tongues and bosses were the most delicate buffalo meat."

In the parish of St. Andrew's is some of the most beautiful of Red River scenery. St. Andrew's church stands on as fine a site as there is along the whole course of the river. The church is still heated by the old Carron stoves; and on some of the kneeling benches are the old coverings of buffalo skin, with patches of the fur still left. Within the church on the east wall is a bronze tablet in memory of Captain William Kennedy who was an uncle of Mrs. John Norquay. It was placed there by the Women's Canadian Club of Winnipeg, and was unveiled by Sir Ernest Shackleton in 1910.

A book about the women of Red River would be incomplete without mention of Mrs. William Kennedy, whose name is no less associated with St. Andrew's than the name of her distinguished husband. Captain Kennedy, whose father was an officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, was born at Cumberland House. He met his future wife, on a visit to England after he had left the Company's service and decided to devote himself to missionary work in this country. They were married and came out to Red River in the early 1860's, and went to Fairford on Lake Manitoba, where there was a Church of England mission. After being there for some time, Captain Kennedy, made helpless by rheumatism, had to retire to St. Andrew's. Mrs. Kennedy, who was a highly educated and singularly accomplished woman, and was no less remarkable for her energy than for her constant kindness of heart, became a leading figure in the life of the settlement. She taught music in Miss Davis's school, she played the little organ in St. Andrew's church and trained the choir, and she was unrestingly active in all good works. Her talents as player and singer were in constant requisition; Canon Grisdale, afterwards Bishop of Qu'Appelle, spoke of her as "our only prima donna." She established a business at St. Andrew's as a dealer in millinery and womens' and children's garments, but never ceased in her work for the welfare of the community. She was a

woman of remarkable beauty and distinction of manner; it was usual to speak of her as "the Duchess." Mrs. Kennedy died at Virden in 1913.

Down the river below Lower Fort Garry is the district known as Little Britain where Donald Gunn, after his retirement from the service of the Company in 1823, made his home. He was a man prominent in public affairs in Red River, and the History of Manitoba written by himself and Charles R. Tuttle is an authoritative book for the period it covers. Donald Gunn's house was an intellectual and educational centre in Red River. His daughter, Janet Gunn, who was born in 1846, taught school at Little Britain in the closing years of the Red River era. In 1874 she was married to Alexander Muckle in St. Andrew's church, and now lives at Clandeboye. "In the largest room in my father's house," Mrs. Muckle said in giving her recollections, "Dr. John Black used to hold a weekly church service for the people down the river. That room was used also as a Sunday School. My father for several years carried on in that same room a commercial school, to fit young men for the service of the Company. In that room too was housed the Red River Library, of which my father was the last librarian. It was a large stone house. The living room which was used for the many different purposes which I have just mentioned, was on one side of the entrance hall. The

MISS DAVIS'S SCHOOL

dining room was on the opposite side. The kitchen was very large, and there were several bedrooms. The house was heated by Carron stoves, of course.

"The name of Matilda Davis deserves to be remembered for the educational work she did," said Mrs. Muckle, in speaking of Miss Davis's school at St. Andrew's, in which she was a pupil. "Miss Davis was born in Red River, the daughter of a retired officer of the Company. She was educated in England, and returned to Red River and devoted herself to the work of education here. I often heard her say that her ambition was to help the women of her native country by education. I was twelve years old when I first went to her school. That was sixty-five years ago. I remember distinctly the first time I walked into the large

schoolroom, in which there was a long table. The first class sat on one side of the table, the second class on the other, and Miss Davis sat at the head. She was an accomplished woman and an excellent teacher. I remember Bishop Taché calling at the school once while I was there and complimenting Miss Davis upon her French."

Mrs. Muckle said that from her childhood she had lived in an atmosphere of education and was surrounded by books. She was her father's constant companion and helper. "I went with him on his botanizing and geologizing expeditions. I was always fond of learning. I began studying Latin and French when I was quite a young girl. Among the visitors at our house who used to encourage me was Frank Larned Hunt, a lawyer from Detroit, who married my niece, William Gunn's daughter. He was a brilliant and scholarly man. A later visitor at our house was Edward Eggleston, the author. In 1868, after I left Miss Davis's school, I was appointed teacher in the school at Little Britain. Before long I had a hundred children in that school, some of them big boys, but I managed to keep order without having to use very often the willow stick which I had within reach of my desk. I was big and strong myself then, and weighed more than a hundred and seventy pounds. The trustees used to come and examine the school at in-

tervals, and they always seemed to go away satisfied. The parents paid five dollars a year for each child's education; and in addition to this the money which the Company received from certain sources, such as marriage licenses, was divided up among the teachers in the settlement." After her marriage Mrs. Muckle lived at Riding Mountain. "I turned to account the knowledge of the Indian language which I had picked up, by using it in teaching the Indians of that neighborhood," she said. "They used to like to have me tell them stories out of the Bible. I remember telling a group of them once how the Egyptians when they rushed after the children of Israel into the dry pathway across the Red Sea made by the dividing of the waters, were overwhelmed by the waters closing in over them. One old Indian, who had himself told me many of the stories and legends handed down among his people, showed great delight when he heard of the overwhelming of the Egyptians. The Indians are not usually demonstrative. But he could not restrain himself in expressing his delight in the destruction of Pharoah and his chariots and horsemen." Among her memories of the old days Mrs. Muckle cherishes the memory of her friendship with Mrs. John MacNabb. "When Rev. Mr. MacNabb arrived in Red River in 1869 with his wife," she said, "Mrs. MacNabb and I became close friends. Mr. MacNabb was stationed at the

mission which Rev. Dr. Black had established at Little Britain. When there began to be evident the desire for a church there, the session appointed Mrs. MacNabb and me to have charge of the subscription list. The building was soon begun. That church, not far from the St. Andrew's Lock, still stands and there is worship in it every Sunday. In the early 1870's Mr. MacNabb was chosen to be minister to the Presbyterian congregation at Palestine, which is now Gladstone, and he and his wife travelled out there by horse and buggy, taking their household things with them in an ox-cart."

The writer of an unsigned article in the number of Harper's Magazine for February, 1861, tells that when he was on his way to the Rocky Mountains in the summer before he spent a few days in Red river, as the guest of John H. Harriott, a retired Chief Factor, who after many years in the service of the Company in the far West, had settled on the banks of the Red, below St. Andrew's. On one page of that old magazine we are given a glimpse of an interior in Red River sixty-three years ago and a glimpse of travel along the Red river trail:

> Mr. Harriott's residence is built of limestone, quarried from the native rock, and within and without was planned by its owner. A few well-selected books, house-plants in the windows, choice engravings on the walls, riding whips and

guns in the hall, tobacco jar and pipes on the side table, a melodeon and accordion and music-box in the room which New Englanders call a parlor, tell the story of how the pleasant summer days and long winter nights are whiled away, and how a life of exposure and adventure and toil is rounded with rest and calm and domestic peace.

One pleasant afternoon our host ordered his carriage to the door, and drove us to the Stone Fort. The horses were a gay pair, and whirled their load down the graveled walk and over the bridge and along the road at a pace that needed a strong hand on the reins. The carryall was of a soberer sort imported from England by way of Hudson's Bay and York Factory, and of a pattern not now in use here or there—low, heavy wheels, thick, substantial whiffle-trees, high dashboard, and a body like that of the carriages of well-to-do English squires half a century ago.

A notable figure among the residents of St. Andrew's seventy years ago was the grandmother of Mrs. Cowan, who was the daughter of an Englishman named Holden, an officer in the Company's service at York Factory in the later decades of the eighteenth century. In the will of her husband, William Sinclair, Chief Factor at York Factory, her name stands as "my beloved wife, Nahoway"; the name cut on the monument in St. John's churchyard erected to her memory by her youngest son, Colin Sinclair, is Margaret Nahovway Sinclair. When Colin Sinclair, who was born at Oxford House in 1816, and was for many years believed by his family to have been lost at sea, came to Winnipeg

a man of eighty-one, he told his grandniece, Margaret Strang, who is now Mrs. Clifford, that his mother had been so unwilling that he, her youngest child, should be taken from her while only a child, as his brothers had been, and sent across the Atlantic to be educated, that his father was reluctant to send him away. When he was nine years old it happened that the ship being about to sail from York Factory, he begged his father, who was going out on the sloop to the ship to give the captain necessary documents for Hudson's Bay House in London, to take him to see the ship, which was so far out as to be invisible from shore. The child, after his first interest in the novel sights on board the ship was exhausted, fell asleep while his father and the captain were busy over their papers; and when the time came for the ship to sail, the captain, who knew how William Sinclair desired that the boy should be educated, suggested that he should not be awakened, but left on the ship. He promised to give him all the care on the voyage that he would give his own child, and to deliver him to his uncle in Stromness. William Sinclair consented.

Colin Sinclair told his grandniece that when he awoke on the ship and found that his father had returned home on the sloop without him he cried his heart out. The captain and everybody else on board were kind to him, and his inborn love of ships and the

sea, which made him a wanderer almost all his life, helped to lessen his loneliness and grief. He was sent to school in Stromness. In his eighteenth year he articled himself on a sailing ship. His father had made a yearly provision for him, which was paid at Hudson's Bay House. Once, when he went to get it, Sir George Simpson whom he met on the stairs, recognized him as a Sinclair, and wanted him to enter the Company's service. The young man explained to Sir George that he had to serve out the three years for which he was articled; and he added that he would rather follow the sea than be a fur trader. "Very well," replied Sir George, "the Company has ships on the sea, as well as trading posts on land." But when Colin Sinclair was twenty-one years of age he received the money provided for him by his father's will; and after finishing his education at Edinburgh so as to be able to qualify himself fully as a navigator, he bought an interest in a ship in the India and China trade. For many years he sailed in that ship, of which he became the owner. In 1849 he took her to the Pacific and cast anchor in the harbor of San Francisco. The crew deserted and joined the rush to the goldfields, and Captain Sinclair had trouble in getting another crew. Several years later he sold the ship, and after many wanderings he returned to San Francisco, where he became harbor master. At last he decided to come

to Winnipeg, where his remaining relatives received him as one who had returned from the dead. He put up the granite monument in St. John's churchyard to his mother's memory, and had this inscription cut on it:

SACRED

TO THE MEMORY OF MY MOTHER

MARGARET NAHOVWAY SINCLAIR

THIS LAST TOKEN OF LOVE AND AFFECTION IS
ERECTED BY HER WANDERING BOY, COLIN

1897

Eyes of my childhood days shall meet me,
Lips of mother's love shall greet me
  On the day I follow.
Oh, what hosts of memories rise;
Sadness dims an old man's eyes.

On the back of the monument is this:

CAPTAIN COLIN ROBERTSON SINCLAIR
BORN AT OXFORD HOUSE, KEEWATIN, AUGUST 12, 1816
DIED JULY 22, 1901

Mrs. Andrew Strang, who is now in her seventies, remembers being taken as a small child by her mother to visit her grandmother, who was then confined to her bed. Mrs. Strang remembers the old lady's large eyes. And she remembers that as she came away with her mother, she asked if it was the grandmother of Little Red Ridinghood she had been taken to see.

VIII. Travel and Transport

ONE of the longest and most remarkable journeys in the West made by a woman still surviving from the time when summer travel was done in the saddle or by Red River cart or by canoe or by York boat, and winter travel was done by dog trains only, was made by Mrs. Camsell. It was a journey in two parts. The first part was two months and a half of travelling in open York boats by day and sleeping in a tent at night. The second part was two weeks of winter travel; every night of those two weeks, except two nights at Fort Liard, Mrs. Camsell slept between blankets and buffalo robes in the open, along the Liard river. Nearly the whole of that winter journey was in the region north of the northern boundary of British Columbia.

Mrs. Camsell, who was born within the present limits of the city of Winnipeg, where she now makes her home, is in her seventy-fifth year, and has brought with her on the journey which has carried her thus far into an active old age more than a little of the freshness of youth. Her father, Samuel Foulds, was in the Company's service. It was in 1868 that Sarah Foulds, then in her nineteenth year, was invited by Mrs.

Hardisty, the wife of William Lucas Hardisty (whose sister was Mrs. Donald A. Smith, the future Lady Strathcona) to accompany her on her return to Fort Simpson, where Mr. Hardisty was Chief Factor in charge of the Mackenzie District. "We started from Fort Garry with a brigade of York boats on June 4th," said Mrs. Camsell, "and arrived at Fort Simpson on August 18th. We went down the Red to Lake Winnipeg, up the Lake to Grand Rapids, where the Saskatchewan river, after seven miles of rapids, empties into the Lake. There we had to make our first portage. The boats were taken over on low cars drawn by horses along a narrow little wooden railway from the Lake to above the rapids. There they were put into the Saskatchewan river and started on the long journey to Portage la Loche, or the Long Portage, as it used to be called, which was a portage over the height of land dividing the drainage areas of the two great river systems between Hudson Bay and the Rocky Mountains. That portage was sixteen miles long. The boat brigade which had brought us more than eleven hundred miles from Fort Garry turned back there. When we had crossed Portage la Loche we had entered the basin of the Mackenzie river system, which empties into the Arctic ocean. There were ponies and oxen and carts to carry the freight across to the end of the portage, where the brigade of York boats from the

Mackenzie river was waiting for us. And then we had nearly a thousand miles more to travel with the Mackenzie boats before we arrived at Fort Simpson."

The Liard river empties into the Mackenzie at Fort Simpson. Nearly four hundred miles up the Liard, a swift stream flowing from the Rocky Mountains, is Fort Nelson, where the officer in charge at the time when Miss Foulds arrived on her visit to the Hardistys at Fort Simpson, was Captain Julian Stewart Camsell, who had come to Red River in 1857, a youthful officer in the company of Royal Canadian Riflemen, a force of seven hundred recruited in Canada and maintained at the expense of the British Government. In 1861 that force was taken back to Canada. Captain Camsell remained in Red River and entered the Company's service. In January 1869 he and Miss Foulds were married by Bishop Bompas at Fort Simpson. In March they travelled by dog carrioles to Fort Nelson.

"Did I find it a great hardship to make that winter journey?" said Mrs. Camsell. "No, indeed. I enjoyed it. I was young and happy. The only thing that I did not like was that sometimes in the morning when I moved away the blanket from over my face, a lot of snow which had gathered on it during the night would fall down on my face. I never found the life in the Mackenzie District hard. My husband and I lived there thirty-two years. We came out for the last time

in 1900. My husband died in Winnipeg in 1907. I had been out twice between my first going in and our final coming out, and each time I was eager to get back. In 1876 my husband was appointed to succeed Mr. Hardisty as Chief Factor at Fort Simpson, in charge of the Mackenzie District. When we came out at last, we lived in Ontario for a while, and I was ill. The doctor could not tell what the trouble was, but I told him. 'I am homesick for Fort Simpson, Doctor,' I said. And it was the truth. I have had eleven children, of whom all but two are living. All but one were born either at Fort Liard or at Fort Nelson." Mount Camsell, halfway between the Mackenzie and the Yukon boundary has its name from one of her sons.

"At Fort Liard and Fort Simpson I was not troubled by anxiety about the latest fashions," said Mrs. Camsell. "I wore one hat for sixteen years, with occasional fresh trimming, of course, and I was perfectly happy with it. I went down the Mackenzie several times with my husband to Peel's River post, which is now Fort McPherson. There we saw the midnight sun." Fort McPherson is sixty miles due north of the Arctic Circle; but from the point where the Mackenzie crosses the Arctic Circle it is more than two hundred miles travel down the river before Fort McPherson is arrived at. "At Fort Simpson," Mrs. Camsell went on, "the sun sets about half past two in the afternoon

in midwinter and rises about half past ten in the forenoon. It does not go high in the sky. We used to say it came up over the end of one of the buildings and went down over the other end of it. In the summer we used no lamps for about six weeks, and we had to have thick window blinds so that we could sleep during the bright night time. The coldest I ever knew it to be at Fort Liard or Fort Simpson was sixty-two degrees. But we did not mind the cold."

In 1886 Mrs. Camsell who had come down for a visit to Red River, was returning with four of her children, all young; one was a boy two years old. While travelling on Lake Winnipeg in the York boats, the children developed whooping cough. "I was in great distress for the poor children," said Mrs. Camsell, "and found it hard to relieve their sufferings. That journey was one of hardship, I will admit, but it was hardship for the sick children too. I never knew greater kindness than the boatmen showed in doing everything they could to make it easier for us. And when at last we got to the mission of the French sisters at Isle à la Crosse, the sisters took us in, and made the children comfortable. My little boy who was two years old died there, and is buried there. I can never forget the kindness of those good sisters."

In speaking of the work done by the missionaries of different denominations in the far Northwest, Mrs.

Camsell told of the medical skill of Bishop Bompas, who when he found that there was a great deal of suffering from snow-blindness in his vast and remote diocese bordering on the Arctic, made it his business on his first visit to the East to go to a medical college and get books and instruction in regard to that trouble and other troubles which he might hope to lessen, if not cure. In time his fame as a healer was great among the Indians and Eskimos. At Fort Simpson a heavy timber of a fish stage, for the drying of fish, fell across the leg of a French-speaking man of mixed blood, who was a servant of the Company. Bishop Bompas was called, and saw that an amputation would have to be done. "He did it," said Mrs. Camsell, "and the man went through it without any anaesthetic, smoking his pipe hard and not breaking down under the strain. It was heroic of the Bishop, too." Mrs. Camsell told also of infants born in that region who were brought up on a bouillon made from fish, because milk was not to be had, and who are now strong and healthy men and women. "My godchild, Mrs. Thomas Turnbull, of Winnipeg, a granddaughter of Mrs. Robert Tait," said Mrs. Camsell, "was born at Fort Simpson, and for the first year of her life her food was fish bouillon. I never saw a healthier child."

The route by which Mrs. Camsell travelled from Fort Garry to Fort Simpson in 1868 was abandoned

many years ago. Travel to Fort Simpson is now by way of railway and steamboat from Edmonton. On the most important of the inland waterways where in the old time the York boats and canoes were propelled by oars and paddles, steam and gasoline now provide the motive power. The journey from Red River to Fort Simpson which Mrs. Camsell made in 1868 was made twelve years earlier by Mrs. Bernard Ross, who is now in her eighty-seventh year. She was born at Norway House on December 25th, 1826. "My mother's name was Mary MacBeth," Mrs. Ross said, in giving her recollections. "My grandmother came out with the party of Selkirk settlers that arrived in 1813 with ship fever on board, and had to winter on the shore of the Bay and they came on to the Red river the next year. I remember many things my mother told me that her mother had told her about the voyage out and the hardships and sufferings of that first winter, and the worse hardships and sufferings of the early years of the settlement, when food was so scarce that the settlers had to move at the beginning of the winter to the headquarters of the buffalo hunters at the mouth of the Pembina river, a journey of sixty miles. The settlers were guided by some Indians and Métis. The mothers who had small children bargained with some of these mounted guides to carry the children, and gave in payment some little household article or

other belonging which they had brought with them from their homes in Scotland. More than once a poor mother, on seeing an Indian gallop away with her child, feared that she would never see the child again. All the women and older children had to walk the whole distance to Pembina river like the men."

Mrs. Ross's father, Donald Ross, came out from Scotland in the service of the Company. When the fur trade war was ended in 1821 by the union of the two companies, Sir George Simpson decided to establish a point at the head of Lake Winnipeg which would be the inland depot and point of control for the whole water transportation system in the West. He appointed Donald Ross to establish Norway House, which was given its name on account of a party of Norwegians who were brought out as boatmen to help in handling the York boats. "My father was Chief Factor at Norway House for twenty-one years," said Mrs. Ross. "Norway House was the distribution point for goods and supplies and the collection point for furs going out. The Chief Factors from all over the West, except the one at Fort Simpson, which was too far away, came every year to the Council. They could come to Norway House and go back to their own posts in less time than to and from any other point that could have been chosen. There was a large summer house for the visiting officers and a Council chamber beside, and a

dining hall. Elaborate preparations had to be made every year for the Council, and there was great formality about those annual gatherings. The number of servants had to be increased beforehand. I can remember being greatly impressed by the splendor of the dining hall. My father used to sit at the head of the table with Sir George Simpson on his right. While the gentlemen were in the Council hall or in the dining hall, the voyageurs were making merry in their encampment outside the stockade.

"Sir George Simpson used to be called 'the Emperor of the North,' " continued the old lady, "his arrival at Norway House or at any other post of the Company was a great event. He always travelled swiftly in what we used to call flying express canoes. I can remember the first time I saw him arrive. He and his secretary were in one canoe with eight picked men to paddle it who were French-Canadian voyageurs and Iroquois Indians, the most skilful and daring of all canoe men. Another splendid large canoe followed, also with eight men. The canoes were beautifully painted at each end, and the voyageurs moved their paddles, which sometimes they stained with vermillion, all together with perfect regularity, all singing as they sent the canoes swiftly on their way. A salute was fired and the whole ceremony of Sir George Simpson's arrival was duly carried out every time he came, including

the distribution of 'regales,' as they were called, of rum to the canoe men, and there was a no less impressive ceremonial when he went away.

"As I have said already I was born on Christmas morning. My father was away. He had had to go to Fort Garry — by dog train, of course — and hoped to be home for Christmas, but a storm delayed him until a couple of days after I was born. Mrs. Isbister was with my mother. I remember that a few years after my marriage I was in London visiting the Isbisters, and Mrs. Isbister, in speaking of my mother's great energy, said that I was born between four and five in the morning, and that in the evening of the same day she insisted on being up and about. Mrs. Isbister was the mother of Alexander Kennedy Isbister, who after leaving the service of the Company, went to England in 1847. Later he became a student at Aberdeen University, became a lawyer, and by his financial ability made himself a wealthy man; and when he died he left his library and a considerable sum of money to the University of Manitoba. His writings did a great deal to draw attention to this country both in Canada and in England. For years before his death he was headmaster of the Stationers' Company's School in London, and lived in Doctor Johnstone's house in Bolt Court, where I often saw him. But to come back to this country, I must tell you about Mr. Isbister's father,

who was in charge of Nelson river post under my father. Early one summer he came up to Norway House on business, and was waiting for the sloop, which the Company used to have at that time on Lake Winnipeg, to arrive. Mrs. Isbister had gone to Red River to bring the children home from school, and they were coming by the sloop. Early one morning before anybody else was up, Mr. Isbister was up to see if the sloop were coming. As he went through the gate towards the landing place, a bull, which was one of the cattle belonging to Norway House, gored him, and was found standing over his dead body. My father ordered the men to shoot the bull and take the carcass over to a little island and burn it on a great pile of wood. That dreadful death of poor Mr. Isbister caused much horror and grief. The men made an immense pile of wood and the fire burnt up not only the carcass of the bull, but everything else on the little island, which has been known ever since as Bull's Island."

When Mrs. Ross was a child of six there arrived at Norway House among the young men to join the service of the Company, a youth named Bernard Ross, who at that time was sixteen years of age. It was usual for most of the recruits to spend the first winter at Norway House where they were initiated into the work they would have to do in the Company's service. In that winter young Ross became attached to the

six year old Christina. In the following spring he was transported to a post in the interior, but letters passed between him and the family at Norway House who had all conceived a great liking for him. Fourteen years later he and Christina Ross were married.

But, to give Mrs. Ross's recollections in order it should be said that as a child she was sent to the Red River Academy, of which Rev. Mr. McCallum and Mrs. McCallum were then in charge. "One summer while I was still a schoolgirl," said Mrs. Ross, "my mother and I were to have stayed at Red River with my sister Jane, who had married Archdeacon Hunter. That summer my father went on horseback across the continent to inspect the Company's posts. He went as far as Fort Victoria where the city of Victoria is now, and brought back from there some beautiful silk shawls, and other things he got from a ship that was there from China. That summer I was feeling poorly after an attack of whooping cough, and Doctor John Bunn said that a trip up the Lake would do me good. I went up with Mr. and Mrs. Ballenden, who were going to England. We went with my uncle Robert MacBeth's brigade. The ship was a month late, and so my uncle Robert's boats did not come back until October. My sister Jane came back with me and with us came Miss Greenleaf, who had arrived by the ship from England to join her brother, who was a missionary

in this country and had come as far as Berens River to meet her. I had been waiting there some time on account of the lateness of the ship when our party left Norway House for Red River in two York boats. The day we were to have arrived at Berens River there was a terrible storm on Lake Winnipeg, which was long remembered. The Company's sloop was lost in that storm, and our two boats were wrecked. I remember clearly what a beautiful day it was before the storm, but the men told us the storm was coming. I was sitting by the side of Miss Greenleaf when the storm struck us. She had been teaching me some songs. Our boat was turned upside down not far from the shore. I was trying to comfort the little Hunter boy, who was frightened by the storm, when we found ourselves in the water. I have no clear recollection of what happened. One of the men saved me after I had gone down twice, and after some time we managed to get to a sand bar, where we had to stay for hours until the men got the other boat righted and took us off. Our boat was broken. Poor Miss Greenleaf was drowned. Her body was not found until the next year. The rest of us arrived in an exhausted state at Red River and I remember it was just after sunset when we got to Archdeacon Cowley's house, where I was put to bed."

Mrs. Ross was married at the east end of Portage

la Loche. "Bernard came to the east end of that portage, the Long Portage as it was called, to meet me," said Mrs. Ross, "and with him came Reverend Mr. Kirkby, who had been sent to Fort Simpson the year before by Archdeacon Hunter. Two years before I was married the Archdeacon had gone to Fort Simpson and established a mission there. Well, the year I was married I came down from Norway House to Red River and then I travelled up from here with Mrs. Kirkby who was going out to join her husband. There were two brigades of York boats in our party and each brigade was in charge of a man who was famous in Rupert's Land as a York boatman. Altogether I was three months travelling before I came to my new home in Fort Simpson. William Kirkby married Bernard and me under a tree on the Long Portage. The boatmen climbed several of the tallest trees there and trimmed them to lob-sticks in honour of the occasion, and Bernard gave them 'regales,' and they had a wedding supper and sang their songs. Bernard and I travelled on ahead in a canoe of our own, and Mr. and Mrs. Kirkby followed in one of the boats of the brigade, and in that way I arrived at Fort Simpson before Mrs. Kirkby did, and was able to boast that I was the first white woman to see the wonderful Mackenzie river, which is one of the greatest rivers in the world, wide like the St. Lawrence and

hundreds of miles longer than the St. Lawrence. We travelled hundreds of miles on the Mackenzie after leaving Great Slave lake before we came to Fort Simpson, and you can travel down the Mackenzie more than eight hundred miles to the Arctic ocean. My husband was in charge of the Mackenzie District. He was often down the river visiting the Company's posts, and went as far as the Arctic ocean several times, but I never went that far. I was at Fort Simpson for more than two years. I never lived in a place I liked better. Both Bernard and I were fond of natural history and of gardening. He had a beautiful flower garden before I arrived, and a kitchen garden that was almost as good as the one we had at Norway House. The summers there were not very long but the summer weather was settled and very pleasant. The Liard River was when we were out there a wonderful route of bird travel in the spring and in the fall. My husband made a really wonderful collection of birds, which are today in the Smithsonian collections at Washington, and also in London and Paris. In addition to presenting a collection to the Smithsonian he sent them a collection which he meant to keep, but allowed them to have as a loan. My daughter, Mrs. Graham of Fort William, was in Washington not long ago, and saw both collections. The Director of the Smithsonian asked her earnestly if I would not present to that institution

Bernard's collection which they have as a loan, and my daughter said that it was so greatly valued there and so well taken care of that I could not do better than consent, which I did. When I was at Fort Simpson I made a great collection of butterflies and moths."

The second year Mrs. Ross was at Fort Simpson she had an Eskimo girl as a nurse for her baby. "Maria was a very good, intelligent and obedient girl," Mrs. Ross said. "I called her Maria instead of her own Eskimo name, which I found unmanageable. She learned very readily and did everything as I wanted her to. When we left Fort Simpson to go to the Old Country on a visit to my husband's people, I wanted very much to take her with me. But Bernard would not allow me to because one of the Company's men, William Brass, at Fort Good Hope down the river wanted to marry her, and so they were married, and she lived at Fort Good Hope for years, and at last her husband retired from the service and they came up here and settled in St. Andrews. When we left Fort Simpson we were fully three months in making the journey to Red River. We crossed the Atlantic from New York. I never crossed by the Bay route. When we came back from England Bernard was stationed for a while at one of the Company's posts in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and then we travelled up by the canoe route to Rupert's House at the mouth of the Rupert's

river, which flows into James's Bay. He was in charge of the James's Bay district. Nowadays, I suppose, you say James Bay, as you say Hudson Bay, but we always said Hudson's Bay and James's Bay, and you will find it that way on all the old maps and in all the old books. I travelled a great deal more in different parts of Rupert's Land in the old days, but I was never again west of Lake Winnipeg. I often wonder what Fort Simpson is like now."

The brigades of York boats from Red River to York Factory used to make two trips each year. On the trip made in the late summer to meet the ship from England, the boats carried everything that was to be taken across the Atlantic. Passengers from Rupert's Land to the Old Country by way of the Bay and the Strait had to go to Norway House on that trip. On the way back the boats brought up the trade goods and supplies and other cargo brought by the ship, from Norway House for distribution throughout Rupert's Land. In some years the ship was late in arriving at Norway House, as it was in the year of the storm on Lake Winnipeg in which the Company's sloop on that lake was lost and a brigade of York boats suffered shipwreck, and Miss Greenleaf was drowned, as related by Mrs. Bernard Ross. The unloading from the ship of the cargo brought across the Atlantic, and the taking on of the cargo for the return voyage, were always

done expeditiously in order that the ship might set sail on the return voyage as soon as possible. As soon as the ice was out of the rivers in the spring the York boats went out again to Norway House each year, to take out the furs and to bring up the remainder of the goods and supplies brought by the ship the year before, which had not been brought up on the fall trip.

It may be mentioned, as a link between the old era and the present, that at Norway House was born a daughter of Chief Factor Donald McTavish (and great-granddaughter of Sir George Simpson), who, as Mrs. Arthur Rogers, is the first woman member of the Legislature of Manitoba, in which she is one of the representatives of the city of Winnipeg.

"I remember the first time I saw the brigade for Portage la Loche," said Mrs. Ross. "I was going up from York Factory with one of Thomas Sinclair's brigades, and we made the portage past Trout Falls on the way to Oxford House, about the middle of a beautiful day in September. There is a drop about as far as from the ceiling of this room to the floor at Trout Falls. The water does not come straight down but falls in steep rapids. After we made the portage, we were having dinner by the side of the river about a quarter of a mile above the edge of the drop, when we heard the regular sound of oars approaching from up the river, and soon the Portage la Loche brigade of

four York boats in Indian file came up at great speed. The voyageurs in approaching the rapids, whether in canoes or York boats, always paddled or rowed with all their might so as to travel faster than the water if they could and give the steersman more control. Baptiste Bruce was in charge of the brigade we saw coming at top speed to the brink of Trout Falls. The boatmen were all wearing bright-coloured shirts, and each of the four boats, one after another, went over the brink of the tumbling water, and the last we saw of each was the steering oar. Such sights as that occurred often in travelling in the old days; in parts of the Winnipeg river there are many rapids and falls, one after the other. I remember that when we got to Oxford House they told us there had been a dance there the night before, and Bruce's boatmen had kept it up till daylight. The men who ran with the dog carrioles in the winter journeys were likewise able to run all day and dance all night, and took great pride in their endurance in both exercises. When we got to Oxford House on the trip I am telling about, our camp was pitched on the side of the lake. Our boatmen, of course, took advantage of the stay there to have a dance, and I remember the sound of feet thumping on the floor as they danced the Red River jig in moccasins with the belles of the neighborhood as the last thing I heard before I went to sleep that night."

Both Mrs. Cowan and Mrs. Ross have many memories of running rapids in canoes and York boats, of slow progress in ascending rivers when the men had to toil against the current, sometimes by poling, in shallow streams, and sometimes by tracking with towing lines where poling could not be done. In tracking a file of men dragged on each towing line, now in the water and again scrambling along the river bank through tangled weeds. "I used to think running a rapid the most exciting thing in the world," said Mrs. Ross, "and I used to admire the splendid Iroquois Indians who used to paddle Sir George Simpson's canoes. Other Indians while good at running rapids, would rather avoid a dangerous spot if they could. The Iroquois loved to run dangerous rapids."

Mrs. John Norquay remembers going down to the Stone Fort to see Sir George Simpson's arrivals in state. "The canoes were elaborately decorated," she said, "and there was always a piper playing as they came up the river, and the guns at the Fort were fired in salute." Of the speed with which Sir George used to travel, it is recorded that in 1822, the year after he was appointed Governor, he made the over-land trip from Hudson Bay to the Pacific by lake, river and trail, in only ninety days, of which he spent sixteen at the important posts. Sir George was a man of remarkable ability and energy; he judged rightly the

effect of pomp and circumstance, especially upon the Indians.

"Sir George always travelled express," said Mrs. Cowan. "First came two light canoes, carrying him and his secretary and sometimes high officials of the Company whom he brought with him, and his tent and food supplies. And behind came two or three or four fast freight canoes which sometimes carried some made-up furs and other goods from Montreal. On the way back they would take a few raw furs and other things. The main freight route was by the Bay, but there were usually a few things from Montreal or to Montreal. The freight canoes also carried any young men coming to join the Company's service. Sir George used to do a lot of work with his secretary while he was travelling. He was a man of very great energy. He used to call his men at one o'clock in the morning, and they would start out before two o'clock and paddle until eight or nine, when they would make a short stop for breakfast. He was a driver, but his canoe men were very proud of being with him. Before their arrival at a post, unless they came very late in the day, Sir George would let them make a stop a few miles out, and there they would array themselves in all their feathers and finery, and then they would come in at their top speed singing their songs and making a grand spectacle."

Among the oldest memories handed down from generation to generation in Red River were the memories of the voyages of the first parties of Selkirk settlers across the Atlantic. Mrs. W. R. Black often heard her grandmother speak of the voyage of the party from the Strath of Kildonan with whom she crossed the Atlantic. At Thurso they embarked on a coasting sloop which took them across the Pentland Firth to Stromness in the Orkneys. "The front part of the hold of the sloop was formed into a huge bin, which was filled with oatmeal, my grandmother used to tell us," said Mrs. Black, "and the after part of the hold was occupied by a bull and a cow which were to be taken out for the settlement in Red River. The passengers had to accommodate themselves on deck. At Thurso they said goodbye to their friends and relations who had come that far to see them off. The sloop which took them to Stromness was called the Water Witch. They had a very rough passage to Stromness. There they went on board the ship Prince of Wales. A number of servants who were coming out for the Company were put on board another small ship, the Eddystone. Just before the voyage began a recruiting sergeant came to the ship my grandmother was on, and took away as a prisoner a young man whom he had to tear from the arms of a lassie."

A long journey with Red River carts was made in

the spring of 1823 when thirteen families of the Swiss colonists whom Lord Selkirk had brought across the Atlantic two years before abandoned Red River and went to Illinois. The carts were so heavily loaded with the belongings of those families that only the smaller children could ride, and the mothers with small children had to carry them in their arms. An article by General A. F. Chetalin, descendant of one of those Swiss families, in Harper's Magazine for December, 1878, which contains a narrative of the hardships suffered on that journey, says:

> After travelling four hundred miles the carts came back to Red River, and the men set to work to make dug-out canoes for the rest of the journey. Being in a country through which roamed hunting parties of unfriendly and thieving Indians, it was necessary to keep a guard for the camp at night. That duty devolved on the women, for the men needed the sleep of night in order to be able to work by day on the canoes. An old lady now in her seventy-ninth year, and the only surviving member of the colony who was twenty years of age or more at the time of the departure from Switzerland, told the writer not long since, with evident pride, that she had more than once stood guard over that little camp, armed with a gun, from nine o'clock at night until sunrise the next morning.

Mrs. Cowan, who crossed the Atlantic on the Prince Rupert in 1865, and again in 1870, describes that ship as comfortable to travel in. "The Ocean Nymph, in which I went over from York Factory in 1864,"

Mrs. Cowan said, "was a small ship, and rolled dreadfully, and as she was over-crowded with passengers on that voyage we really had a most uncomfortable time of it between the decks in bad weather. There was a child died on board the ship, a little girl, and she was buried at sea. She was the daughter of an officer of the Company who had retired and was going home to the Orkneys with his wife, who was an Indian woman, and this their only child. The poor child was ill when she went on board. When we were in the Orkneys we heard of several retired Company's men who had married women of Indian or mixed blood and had taken them home across the Atlantic. I have never forgotten that funeral at sea, and the grief of the mother of the child."

The ships went to London, where they wintered. In the following spring they went to Stromness in the Orkneys and took on board new recruits for the Company's service and other passengers. "When my husband and I went on board the Prince Rupert at Stromness in the following June," continued Mrs. Cowan, "we found the ship a delightful contrast to the Ocean Nymph. There was accommodation for cabin passengers and for steerage passengers. Each state room had an upper and lower berth. The meals were excellent. There were cows on board to provide milk and there were pigs and sheep and poultry. Really we

lived luxuriously. I remember that before we left Stromness great quarters of fine Orkney beef were drawn high up on the masts and fastened there. The surface became hardened by the wind and the sun, and beneath it the meat kept perfectly fresh during the voyage. Altogether I have been across the Bay and through Hudson Strait three times, and each time we were unfortunate in missing the Eskimos. When I was at Moose Fort I used to see Eskimos quite frequently. The missionaries had a number of them at the Peel River mission on the other side of James Bay, which was regular Eskimo country." Mrs. Cowan still has an Eskimo necklace made of walrus ivory, and several other things which she obtained from Eskimos at Moose Fort. The necklace is made of chewed beads and has a figure of a duck for the clasp. "The Eskimos we saw at Moose Fort," she said, "were always chewing pieces of walrus ivory to shape them into beads for necklaces."

"While we were crossing Davis Strait," Mrs. Cowan went on, continuing to speak of her voyage in 1865, "a crow's nest was hoisted to the top of the main mast. It was a large cask open at the top with a trap door in the bottom, and one of the sailors climbed into it and kept a lookout for the ice, and they rigged up a bridge right across the middle of the ship for the officer of the watch to be on while he was giving directions while we were going through the ice. Also, they got out fenders

and long poles with spikes, and ice anchors, too, for mooring the ship to the ice when that was necessary. As for me, I thought the fog worse than either the storms or the ice. We had fine weather crossing the Bay The nights, I remember, were beautiful. When we were about fifty miles off Churchill a couple of cannon were shot off on the chance that the reports might be heard by the Churchill schooner and so let them know that we were passing on our way to York Factory. As we came near the end of our voyage we got a faint smell of spruce from the land, though the low shore line was invisible. When we anchored at last in York Roads, twenty miles from the factory, we were still within sight of land, only the high beacon twelve miles away on the point between the Nelson and Hayes rivers was visible from our ship. During the day a cannon was fired at intervals to let them know on shore that we had come, and at night rockets were sent up from the ship. The next morning about nine the schooner and the boats came in sight. The mail and the official documents were taken to York Factory, and next the gun powder, which was the dangerous part of the cargo—there were a great many tons of it—was transferred to the schooner and the boats which had crews of rowers. Then the Prince Rupert moved into shallower water and anchored about seven miles from York Factory. When our guns were fired now we could

hear the guns reply at the factory. The next day we sailed to the factory in the schooner."

In the early 1860's the whaling and sealing ships that went to Greenland had auxiliary steam propellers to use in threading the winding openings in the ice and in moving against head winds; the Company's ships continued to rely on sails. The average cargo of the Prince Rupert in the 1860's included about sixty tons of gunpowder, with bullets and shot in proportion for large game and small game. The next most important article was twine or fishing nets, upon which the food supply of most of the people of the country depended. Of tea and tobacco large quantities were brought every year; but never enough tea to equal the capacity for its consumption. Sheriff Ross has left it on record that once when he was travelling on the banks of the Assiniboine with a guide, Baptiste l'Esprit, they visited the log hut of a family named Flammond who were friends of l'Esprit. Mrs. Flammond told the sheriff that they had passed a fine winter among the Assiniboines. There were twenty-three families and they all worked making buffalo robes and dressing leather, which they traded for provisions. During that winter Mrs. Flammond said the twenty-three families used twenty-five chests of tea.

In the letter-book of John Ballenden, who was the officer in charge of Fort Garry in the 1850's, there are

many copies of letters written by him to Sir George Simpson and other officers of the Company and to members of his family, which throw light on the life of Red River three score years ago. Mr. Ballenden copied them all out in his own clear, round hand. One of them, which he wrote to his daughter Annie when she was returning with her younger sister Elizabeth from school in England, is informing in regard to the conditions of travel from Norway House to Red River in the middle of the last century for young ladies of what were called "the Hudson's Bay families." Mr. William Bannatyne, whose father, Honorable A. G. B. Bannatyne, was the nephew of John Ballenden, has allowed that letter to be published in this book:

Fort Garry, 22nd July, 1854

Miss Ballenden, York Factory.

dear Annie:

This will, in all probability, not reach you until you have landed at York factory. Most happy should I be to meet you there on your arrival, but I cannot leave my charge even for the pleasure of escorting you hither. Mr. Thos. Sinclair having been kind enough to offer to bring you up, to his kindness I have entrusted you. I have known him long, and you may imagine I have the fullest confidence in his good principles, otherwise I would not have reposed in him the trust I have now reposed.

If possible, he will take out all your baggage as also the other packages sent out for me. The Bath is the only bulky

article I have, but that he will take care of, as it is well secured. I am very particular about your property, principally the Harp, & Piano. I shall request Mr. Sinclair to see them well secured and on no consideration to have them opened until they reach Fort Garry.

On the passage up you must be implicitly guided by Mr. Sinclair's instructions and he will see that your Bed, Tent, etc. are properly landed. Once at Nor. House you will find yourselves at home. Mrs. Barnston is my very good friend. She was the earliest, best and most constant friend of your own dear mother. Mr. Barnston and I are likewise very good friends, and I beg to request that you and your sister attend to their advice in every respect. To the whole family I feel much attached. I will arrange with them with regard to the provisions for the party for the voyage from Oxford to Norway House and from thence to Red River.

On arrival at the Lower Fort you will wait there until I have the pleasure of meeting you. From thence I will conduct you to the Upper Fort, and once here it will not be my fault if ever again we are separated.

I have requested Mr. Clouston to take passage also in the same Boat, and if he does so, I think it will be more comfortable for all parties. I wish you to be on the best of terms with all parties on the voyage, & would particularly request your kind attention to Mr. Clouston & family. Your servant girl will have to accompany you in the same Boat, & although I wish you to show her every kindness you must not allow her to forget that she is your servant maid.

On your mother's death-bed we had many conversations respecting Mrs. Mills & her two Daughters. You, I doubt not, often heard her speak of them. Although at that time

I had not the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Mills, yet I then formed the very highest opinion of her character. This favorable opinion is strengthened from what I have since seen of her & them. Whatever you may have heard of them from others, believe this for me, that she merits your lasting gratitude. Do not be alarmed. I have no intention of sending you again to school. I cannot part with you yet. I wish merely to recommend them to you as friends in whom you may place implicit confidence & to whom you owe much gratitude.

There are several other friends here to whom I wish to introduce you, and with whom by & bye I trust you will make acquaintance; but I do not intend nor do I wish, you to roam about much. I will keep you to myself for a little while.

Believe me, etc. etc.

John Ballenden.

Following this letter in Mr. Ballenden's letter-book is a copy of a brief, but no less affectionate letter to his younger daughter Elizabeth, in which he tells her that the foregoing letter to her sister is for the guidance of both sisters. Among the many interesting things in that old letter-book are copies of the lists of things ordered each year by members of John Ballenden's family to be sent from England. Here is the order which the elder of the young ladies who arrived home from school in England in 1854, sent by the Prince Rupert in 1855:

Annie's private order to be sent to Red River by the Ship next year.

1 black watered silk dress
1 dark purple French merino
1 — brown French merino
1 white light summer dress — Plaid
1 light summer cape
1 summer bonnet
1 winter bonnet
6 chemisettes
1 doz. pocket handkerchiefs
6 prs worsted stockings
6 prs kid gloves
2 prs warm winter gloves
1 light summer dress
2 corsets
4 pair of Boots
2 pair of Shoes
2 S-lined skirts
half-dozen Night caps
some Neck Ties of Ribbon and Velvet
a Drawing Album published every month, since last July.

With this order from Miss Anna Ballenden went an order from her sister Elizabeth:

E. Ballenden's private order to be sent to Red River from Edinburgh—

1 dark brown French merino dress braided and robed
1 black Satin dress
1 light summer dress
1 white summer Plaid
1 white summer bonnet
1 summer cape

1 winter mantle
1 good Lynx boa
6 chemisettes with sleeves to correspond
1 doz pocket handkerchiefs
6 pair of gloves
12 pairs of stockings
6 pairs of Winter stockings
5 pairs of boots
2 flannel petticoats
½ dozen night caps
Some stocking & black and white Merino or lambs Wool
For Papa, grey Shetland worsted
A silver drinking cup and spoon.

On the same voyage from Norway House on which the Prince Rupert took the foregoing orders from his daughters, there went a letter from John Ballenden to his sister Elizabeth Ballenden, who was then in Edinburgh. It included a list of things which Mr. Ballenden desired to have sent out on the 1855 voyage of the Prince Rupert:

From Turnbull-Cole, 60 New Buildings, North Bridge: (He has my measure.)—

1 Frock Coat	In the fashion	Not Mourning
1 dress Coat	most used	
2 vests, 1 com.; & 1 dress	do.	
2 prs trousers	do.	

From my Shoe Makers in Queen Street—
1 pr. stout walking Boots
1 pr. half Boots

From Cruikshanks & Co., George Street
3 open front woollen slips
3 prs. drawers
3 neck ties
From the Best Fish market
1 bundle salt Ling (1 cwt)
1 Firkin cured Loch Fyne herrings, 56 lbs.
A small supply of Marmalade of your own make, in stout jars.

Also please send 6 prs stout sheets, the same size and quality as you got for me last year, 1 doz; fine Table Napkins and 3 rough Turkish Towels. See that all articles are safely secured from damp and packed properly.

In the memories and records of travel by the Company's ships in the middle decades of the last century figure the Prince Rupert and the Lady Head, the Company's two principal ships. They were not large ships, but they were well built and well found, and were in charge of experienced, competent officers and crews. The Lady Head, the larger ship of the two, was intended to be sent to Vancouver, but after the loss of the Prince Arthur in 1864 she was kept on the Atlantic, and made the annual voyage to James Bay.

Mrs. Robert Tait remembers one of those pots of marmalade which John Ballenden received from his sister in Edinburgh. "Annie Ballenden," said Mrs. Tait, "gave one to Mrs. Mills. I was at St. Cross School then, and I remember that she gave each of the girls a taste of the marmalade, and we all thought

it had an unpleasant flavour. That was the first time any of us had seen marmalade. Annie Ballenden married William McMurray, who soon afterwards was appointed to have charge of the Company's post at Pembina. I remember that my husband (but that was before we were married) telling me that he and Roderick Ross, the brother of Mrs. Bernard Ross, were coming across the plains from St. Paul and they had dinner with the McMurrays at Pembina. There was marmalade on the table, and Annie McMurray made them taste it. After they left and were on their way to Red River, Roderick Ross asked Mr. Tait what he thought of the queer taste of that jam made from some tropical fruit. Neither of them had ever had any experience of marmalade before. As for oranges they were wholly unknown in Red River."

William McMurray's second wife was Harriet Inkster, the sister of Sheriff Inkster. Mrs. Andrew Strang, the daughter of Thomas Sinclair, has a note which Harriet Inkster sent her two score years ago, at her home in St. Andrew's, when she was Harriet Sinclair. The year is not written in the date line but Mrs. Strang is certain that it was in the early 1860's:

Seven Oaks, September 24th.

My dear Harriet,

I want to trouble you once more to get me three of the most fashionable bonnet shapes from Mrs. Kennedy's. There

are none to be had up here. I hope you will excuse the liberty I take of troubling you so often. When are you coming up? Tell Thomas we have been looking out for him as he promised faithfully to be up. I am in a great hurry so I hope you will excuse this scrawl. With kind love to yourself and all at home, I remain, dear Harry, your affectionate cousin,

Harriet.

Travel between St. Andrew's and Seven Oaks in the 1860's would be on horseback, or by buggy, in the summer, and by sleigh in the winter. Before cutters were brought in from the States, horse carrioles were used. "I remember," said Mrs. Neil Campbell, "that Dr. John Bunn, who lived down the river, used to make his daily journey along the river road on horseback in the summer, and if we needed him we would be on the look out for him and would call him in. In the winter he used to drive along the road in his parchment carriole, which was a low covered-in sleigh, the front of which was made of buffalo hide prepared so as to be what we called parchment. With his feet and knees, wrapped in a buffalo robe, under that, and a warm buffalo coat on and a fur cap pulled down over his ears, he was comfortable on even the coldest days."

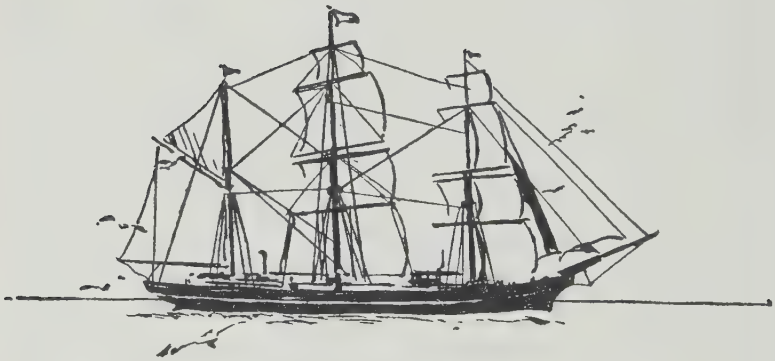
The memory of Mrs. William B. Hall, who died in 1913 at the age of seventy-seven, is kept alive in the Headingly district. "By buggy, steamboat, railroad, stage and canoe down the muddy Red," as she wrote three years before her death in a brief account of her

wedding journey to the West in 1861, she came to Red River a young bride with her husband. Both were born in Ontario. As their canoe touched the river bank just below the Forks, Dr. Schultz gave Mrs. Hall his hand to help her ashore. The young couple rode out in a Red River cart to the location of their future home in Headingly. "Donald Cameron, son of the pioneer farmer of Headingly, old Hugh Cameron, an original Selkirker, drove us," wrote Mrs. Hall. "It was very warm October weather, and I warded off the sun's rays with my parasol, as we drove along. Presently we met old Mr. Cameron taking a load of potatoes to Bishop Anderson. My husband, who had lived in the West two years before we were married, knew him. Mr. Cameron when he was introduced to me gave an ominous shake of his head, saying, 'Aye, lad, she's bonny to look at, but no wife for you when she'll be too proud to let God's sun shine on her head.'" The shack twenty feet square which Mr. Hall built and Mrs. Hall named The Hermitage was ready before the winter began. "With saw and hammer, boards and poles, very soon The Hermitage wore a homelike aspect, with homemade furniture, that is to say, a table, two chairs, a chest set on end on blocks and fitted with shelves to serve as a sideboard, two packing boxes connected with flattened poles and crossed with a hay mattress and a print draping for a lounge, an

imported bedstead, three-legged stools and boxes for extra seats, whitewashed walls, curtains, old pictures and photographs from the dear old home, and a cheery log fire in the chimneyplace, we were quite the envy of the older settlers, who knew less of the little etceteras that can give a charm to a rough log shack." In 1878 a new home, which kept the old name, was built. It was a centre of hospitality for many years.

Of all the travel, winter and summer, in the old Red River era, the express canoes of the brigades of York boats furnished the most picturesque spectacles. All the survivors from that vanished time tell about the arrivals and departures of the voyageurs with their brightly colored shirts and feathers and gay streaming ribbons, as they paddled, or rowed, on the Red, with their canoes, or boats, decorated with fluttering little flags. "We could hear them singing around the bend of the river long before we could see them," said Mrs. W. R. Black. The York boats hoisted sails when the wind was favourable; and when in addition to a favourable wind, there was fair weather, they would make long traverses on Lake Winnipeg, keeping so far out that in the middle of the run both the point from which they had started and the point to which they were steering were out of sight. Thomas Sinclair, whose brigades of York boats did a great deal of freighting between Red River and Norway House, lived at St. Andrew's. His

granddaughter, Mrs. Andrew Strang, of Winnipeg, recalls as one of the earliest memories of her childhood, that her mother, who as Caroline Pruden, was one of the most beautiful girls in Red River, used to walk out on the river bank and hold up her apron to the breeze, and say, "They are sailing on the Lake today."



THE "LADY HEAD"

IX. Play and Gaiety

THE vicissitudes of abundance and destitution in the lives of the people of mixed French-Canadian and Indian blood who were the buffalo-hunters and voyageurs and cart-drivers and fishermen did not lessen their fondness for merry-making, their pleasure in singing their songs and their delight in parties where the dancing was kept up all night. Injustice has been done to the Métis in classing them all together. There were several classes of them, the frugal thrifty families with settled habits and domestic comforts, others more roving and less provident, and not a few who flocked to Red River from different parts of the West, of both sexes and all ages, living improvident and precarious lives, whom the adventure and freedom of the buffalo-hunting attracted. For the summer hunt in 1840 no less than 1,210 carts and 1,600 huntsmen, women and children, went out from Red River to the plains. Their fiddles always went with them on their buffalo-hunting expeditions; and in their camps they would sing and dance at night. Of the Métis love of dancing there are many stories. One told by General Sir Sam Steele was that soon after the arrival of the Wolseley expedition there was a discussion at Fort Garry about the

distance to Headingly, which is fourteen miles. It was decided to have a Métis runner with a dog carriole go out to Headingly and back, with a surveyor's pedometer fastened to his belt. He went out in the afternoon, but did not return until the next morning. When the pedometer was examined, it was found that he had travelled a hundred and seventeen miles. He explained that he had stayed overnight at Headingly because there was a dance.

In Harper's Magazine for October, 1860, in a narrative of the journey made across the plains by a scientific expedition sent out by the Government at Washington, there is an account of two dances at Pembina:

> We crossed the river in a crazy dug-out, of precarious equilibrium, and heard the jiggish fiddle before we reached the house. Opening the door, and entering the log-house where the dance was briskly going on, we were greeted by a chorus of "Ho! Ho! Ho!" The fiddle did not cease its scraping, nor the heels of the dancers for a moment intermit their vibrant thumps on the plank floor. There was a huge mud chimney, with an open fire-place, at the right, a four-posted bed, with blankets only, in the further left-hand corner; one or two chairs, which were politely handed to the strangers; and all round the room, sitting upon the floor as Indians and tailors sit, were men and women, boys and girls—twenty or thirty in all. One mother was busy in keeping her little one's toddling feet out of the pan of melted grease low on the mud hearth, with a cotton rag hanging over the edge, a light,

which made dark shadows in among the groups, shadow and light alternating against the rafters and roof as the figures of the dance changed.

Jigs, reels, and quadrilles were danced in rapid succession, fresh dancers taking the place of those on the floor every two or three moments. The men wore shirts, trousers, belts, and moccasins; and the women wore gowns which had no hoops. A black-eyed beauty in blue calico and a strapping Bois Brulé would jump up from the floor and outdo their predecessors in figure and velocity, the lights and shadows chasing each other faster and faster over the rafters; the flame, too, swaying wildly hither and thither; and above the thumps of the dancers' heels and the frequent "Ho! Ho!" and the loud laughter rose the monomaniac fiddle-shrieks of the trembling strings, as if a devil was at the bow.

Perhaps it is clear that here we saw the commonalty. The next night Joe Rolette gave a dance in his house, and here we saw the aristocracy of Pembina. There was a better fiddle and a better fiddler, and better dancing. Joe's little boy of eleven, home from school at the Red River settlement, and his father-in-law, of near seventy, were the best of the dancers. The latter was as tireless as if his aged limbs had lost no strength by exposure to all weathers and labor, as a hunter and voyageur, for a long life-time; and little Joe had extra double-shuffles and intricate steps, and miraculously lively movements, which made his mother and little cousins very proud of him. In the intervals of the dance Madame Gingrais, one of Joe's lady cousins, sang some French ballads and a Catholic hymn.

The early years of the Selkirk settlement were years of toil and calamities, with little time for thoughts of

amusement. But after the settlers' families had emerged from the adversities of the early years into conditions of primitive comfort and freedom from anxiety, their social life had more occasions for festivity. From the first the settlers' families had had with their many misfortunes the good fortune that they never knew the loneliness of isolated homes, which in later years bore with such crushing weight upon so many of the pioneer women on the prairie, the loneliness which is today a heavy burden in remote districts of the West in which pioneers are making homes. The very isolation of Red River itself kept the families in Red River from being isolated.

In Kildonan the weddings were the chief festivities; there are memories of weddings at which the feasting and dancing were kept up for three days. New Year's Day, rather than Christmas, was the great festival of the year; in this Red River had the French usage. The Christmas midnight mass in St. Boniface cathedral was always attended by many parties of visitors from across the river. The new year was welcomed with much firing of guns. On New Year's Day, throughout all Red River, the men went about making calls. The Indians, too, made calls on New Year's Day. Mrs. Inkster, the wife of the Sheriff, remembers how the Indians used to come on every New Year's day to the houses in Kildonan and dance in full war paint. "We

used to give them tea and little round cakes with currants in them," she said. "Those New Year's visits from house to house were a great event for the Indians. They set special store by the currants that we always put in the round cakes which we gave them at New Year's with tea. If the currants had been left out, the poor Indians would have been grievously disappointed."

Mrs. Neil Campbell remembers how the mothers used to make leather balls for the boys to play "bat and ball" with. Three or four times during the winter, when she was a girl, she would have a young people's party. Her father and mother would not allow them to dance, but would let them play a game which was called "put and take" and was played with a top. "At the singing school which my father used to have at our house," said Mrs. Campbell, "we used to have musical evenings twice a week, when we would sing rounds and 'dancing tunes' and Scotch songs."

The Red River jig became widely celebrated. The man and woman dancing it faced each other and kept advancing and retreating a few jig steps towards and from each other, with flourishes and fancy steps which varied with the skill and agility of the performers. When one or the other partner dropped out, his, or her, place was taken immediately by another dancer. Lady Dufferin saw it danced when she was in Winnipeg

in 1877; she wrote in her Journal: "The Red River jig was danced for us. It is exactly the same as an Irish jig."

One evening last summer while the material for this book was being collected it happened that there was assembled in a house in Kildonan a group of members of the Polson family connection and a few others of old Kildonan families. They were asked to give their memories of the Kildonan wedding customs. Their recollections are here set down. Marriages in Kildonan were always on a Thursday. On the Monday before the Thursday of the ceremony in the church the invitations to the wedding were given verbally, often by the father of the bride, who went from house to house. Only in the late years of the old régime did it become the custom not to invite everybody in Kildonan to every Kildonan wedding. On the Monday of the invitations the cooking for the wedding dinners began. "Old Man" Harper and John Auld were mentioned by the older people as men who were always engaged to do the roasting. Oxen and sheep were killed, and great roasts of beef and mutton hung on the spits before the open fireplaces.

Roast beef, roast mutton, boiled potatoes and plum pudding were the staple fare at the wedding feasts. The festivities began in the house of the bride's family the day before the marriage, with dancing and feasting.

On the Thursday named for the wedding the bride and groom went to the church accompanied by all the invited guests in a long procession. In the earlier years it was usual to walk to the church. When horses and carrioles and cutters became common in Kildonan the wedding parties used to drive to the church. Young men used to make arrangements weeks ahead with the young women who were to be their partners at the weddings. Rev. Dr. Black met the bride and groom at the door of the church and went in with them.

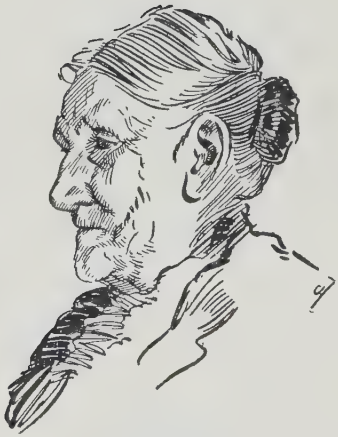
The return of the wedding procession was generally taken advantage of by the young men who desired to give an exhibition of the speed of their horses; but it was a rule never violated that the bride and groom must not be passed on the road from the church. On arriving at the house of the bride's parents the first of the wedding dinners was served; it always took several tables to accommodate the wedding guests in relays. Usually the house of a neighbor was cheerfully given up to the dancers; often two neighboring houses were used for the dancing, as well as the house of the bride's parents. The dancing was kept up during the afternoon and evening, and sometimes continued for three days. The dancers danced in moccasins; it was usual for them to provide themselves with fancy moccasins ornamented with bead work and colored silk work to wear at weddings and there are traditions which are

jocularly mentioned of a vigorous dancer having worn out more than one pair of moccasins at a wedding.

Next came the "kirking." On the Sunday following the marriage the bride and the bridegroom accompanied by the two groomsmen and the two bridesmaids drove to the church and sat together in a pew in the front of the church. Their horses were decorated again with the many-colored ribbons which had bedecked them on the marriage day, and the bridal party were arrayed in their best clothes. They drove back from church to the home of the bride's parents; but there was no racing on Sunday. The Sunday dinner after the "kirking" was one of the chief feasts of the whole wedding celebration, which was not yet ended. The bridegroom lived at the house of the bride's family until Tuesday, when he and his bride were convoyed by another bridal procession to his father's house, where they were to live until the house for the newly wedded couple was ready for them. It was now the turn of the family of the groom. There was another wedding dinner followed by dancing and merry-making, and so the wedding festivities came to an end at last.

Mrs. W. R. Black has many memories of merry-makings in Red River when she was young. "We used to have fine parties in the winter," she said. "A number of the young men would start out in their sleighs and they would gather up the girls, and we would go to

MISS JANET BANNERMAN



MRS ROBERT TAIT

St. Andrew's, to the Allens' house down there, or the Mowats, or the Truthwaites' or the Sinclairs' or the Bunns', or some other of the St. Andrew's houses, or out to Deer Lodge to James McKay's or Robbie Tait's, or to some other house where they knew we were coming, and there we would have a dance. The heads of the houses were always glad to take part with us and we used to have a good time. The suppers at those dances used to be more like banquets. For music we used to have to depend on the fiddle; sometimes we had two or three fiddles."

Mrs. Tait, recalling the parties at her father's house, said that it was not at all unusual to have the floors of the different rooms downstairs covered with beds for the people who stayed all night. "I remember as a little girl how I used to help laying the buffalo robes on the floor and arranging the bedding on them for the people who were to stay." Mrs. Black said that in winter the boys used to keep a large area of ice on the river clear between the Inksters' place and the Sutherlands', which was directly opposite Seven Oaks, and on nights when there was not moonlight they would bring lanterns. "It seems to me that we didn't have as good times in summer as we used to have in winter. We used to ride. Mrs. Tait was one of the best horsewomen in Red River, and was in the saddle a great deal, and went on long rides with her husband." Mrs. Tait

still has her saddle, which she keeps for old time's sake. In speaking of Mrs. Tait's horsemanship one evening recently on the verandah of the house at St. James, Miss Bannerman said, "I really believe, Jane, that you would like to have gone off and had an experience at buffalo running." Mrs. Tait smiled and shook her head, but her eyes twinkled at her old friend's joking. Needless to say, the ladies of Red River used side-saddles, and wore riding habits.

"In the summer we had picnics," Mrs. Black said. "But unless we rowed, or paddled, it was not very convenient going any distance. Few of the families had buggies, although they all had carrioles and sleighs for winter travel. The Red River cart was not exactly a pleasure vehicle. Where used we to go for picnics? One place was Bird's Hill. I remember the first time I went to Bird's Hill. It was almost like a trip abroad. Another picnic I remember was at Stony Mountain. Before we came away we went and looked down into the snakes' hole, as it was called, on one of the stony ledges. There were a great many snakes in it, harmless, but horrible to look down at. For many years afterwards I shuddered whenever I thought of that place."

The Company people in the Forts always joined in the amusements and merry-making in Red River, and in Fort Garry and the Stone Fort, as in all the posts of the Company, the officers did not fail to give a

dinner and dance on New Year's Day, to which invitations were extended with wide hospitality. The ball which eclipsed all others in the history of Red River was given in March, 1848, before their departure, by the officers of the British military force which had been stationed in Red River for a few years. Among the family papers of Mrs. Bernard Ross there is a letter from Dr. John Bunn to Mrs. Ross's father, which gives us a few glimpses of that ball. It is characteristic of the time that a gossiping letter should have the customary formal opening:

Red River, March 12th, 1848.

Donald Ross, Esquire,
Chief Factor,
Norway House.

My dear Sir,

I am happy to find that notwithstanding the mountains of drift in which we are entombed, all communication from the outer world is not entirely closed. Such a winter for wind, snow, drift and turbulence would induce one to believe that the Devil himself "rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm," or perhaps mother Nature is willing that only part of her children should enjoy the pleasures and frolics of the season, and likes to see the snow gyrating in the polka or rushing in the gallopade to the musical whistling of Old Boreas.

To describe the balls that have been and those that are to be is a task beyond the weakness of human nature. A mere enumeration would be a herculean labor, but *the* ball is past.

Like the feast of O'Rourke,

"Twill ne'er be forgot
By those who were there
And those who were not."

My muse is not adequate to a description of all that was seen and felt on the occasion, but what I can I will do. The lady Patroness was in full bloom, radiant in silk and gold and the gems of Ophir, her face benignant like a harvest moon, and as round, all smiles and perfection, except now and then a thunder-cloud of a threatened storm, but one cannot always expect sunshine. The room was most tastefully decorated, with stars emblematic of those branches of the service here stationed, and the motto of the Garter in each centre. Elegant festoons of evergreens were appropriately placed, and the orchestra was neatly ornamented with the Royal initials.

The amusements commenced by Dr. Duncan's choir singing a stanza of "God Save the Queen," and then "Here's a Health to All Good Lassies," and they further added to the enjoyment of the evening by occasionally interspersing some choice songs and glees, which were sung in a style hitherto unheard by the echoes of Rupert's Land.

Misses Caroline Pruden, and Margaret and Harriet Sinclair, were, I believe, considered the belles of the evening. Miss Lowman was held to be below, rather than above par, and this of course gave the gripes to Mamma. Polkas, galops, waltzes, quadrilles, cotillions, country dances, reels and jigs, employed the heels and talents of the assembly. There were cards for the infirm and lazy, brandy and tobacco for the thirsty, and unremitting hospitality to all. At midnight there was an elegant spread, consisting of all the delicacies nature and art could afford, to which ample justice was done.

At its close my memory expired. All became hiccups and happiness. Delightful, but indistinct, visions wrapped the senses in bliss, and a faithful version is lost to the world. Words are too weak to convey any picture of the heavenly trance, the strange mixture of celestial music, such as mortal ear never heard, and a medley of warriors and angels, mortals whirling, drapery flying, masculine legs fitting to feminine ladies. Now and then an ankle, small and clean-turned would be crossed by a good sound piece of understanding, which, if not appropriate to the Venus de Medici, would have done honour to a Mulingar heifer. I remember for some moments being enraptured with the contemplation of a cherubim, and imagination was gloating upon its fat proportions. A shake roused me. I found myself staring at the lady Patroness!

But such frivolity cannot endure. Next day brought headaches and recollections. I looked back upon the evening with pleasure, as it afforded unmingled gratification to the guests, and so satisfied the hospitable donors, and riveted the good feeling which ought to exist between the civilians and their very gentlemanly and kind military friends. It is not at all unlikely that some of the fair and lovely ones may suffer from scarlet fever, but none will perish. It, however, would appear that more than one has been bitten by a tarantula since. A few days ago Mrs. Mowat gave a fashionable ball and supper, and Mrs. Bird came out strong on the evening of the 16th inst. What took place at the Mowats, or what took place at the Birds, I am personally ignorant of, since having declined to be present at either, I must depend on the liberality of others. I love gaiety but I would eschew dissipation; where the line of demarcation ought to be made is of course a matter of opinion, but having reached my own, there I shall stop.

Had the parsons reserved their fire they might have preserved their character for good sense and maintained their pastoral authority; but they railed at dancing as a damnable sin, which no lady would believe, and now when they might say something about the abuse thereof, their ammunition is gone. They have fired a few pepper-corns from the pulpit about "Lot's Wife," "The Rich Man and Lazarus," etc., etc., but "'It is sparrow shot against a bastion,' quoth my uncle Toby." Papas may remonstrate, parsons may dispense brimstone by the wholesale, but the girls will dance. "Vive la bagatelle!" is the order of the day. But the fever will pass, reaction will come, and pensiveness and sighing will lower the dear little creatures down to the humdrum realities of every day life.

We are looking forward with hope to a more favourable season. The abundance of snow gives promise of the lacking moisture. Should we be disappointed, there will be no recourse for us but to whet our teeth upon our live stock, and when that is gone, to live like pike in a pond. Of grain there is hardly sufficient to meet the wants of the lucky few who are holders; the masses are destitute of it, yet with the astonishing and flexible resources of this singular country, a remedy against starvation is found in the swarms of rabbits in and around the settlement, and the super-abundance of deer of various kinds in its vicinity. We are fated to be always embarrassed but never bankrupt, to feel the pangs of hunger but never the languour of starvation.

Remember me kindly to the ladies, young and old, and to Mr. Clouston, who is too happy to write to me, and I am too lazy to write to him.

Ever yours very truly,

John Bunn.

The Dr. Duncan mentioned in the letter was the musical medical officer whose ingenuity in constructing the first organ used in St. Boniface cathedral is spoken of by Mrs. Cowan, who has also told on an earlier page of this book that Peter Pruden, in his displeasure with his daughter Caroline because she danced the polka, then a novelty, took her home while that ball was still going on in Fort Garry on that March night seventy-five years ago.

X. *The Troubles of 1869-70*

THE first things Riel did after seizing Fort Garry was to arrest a number of the leading men on this side of the river. A couple of the prisoners escaped. Thomas Scott, whom Riel afterwards re-captured and shot, was one of them. Then after several days Riel set fifteen or sixteen of the prisoners free, and promised to liberate the others. But he did not keep his word. Major Boulton, a retired British officer who was at Portage la Prairie, gathered a force of about sixty men. They walked the whole distance to the village of Winnipeg and arrived there in a blizzard. It was in the middle of February. They could do nothing for two or three days, on account of the blizzard. At last they made their way to Kildonan, where a force which Dr. Schultz had got together farther down the river, joined them with a cannon drawn by four oxen. Major Boulton now had more than four hundred men under his command. The people of Kildonan gave them food and they slept in the Kildonan church and school house. Most of them had guns.

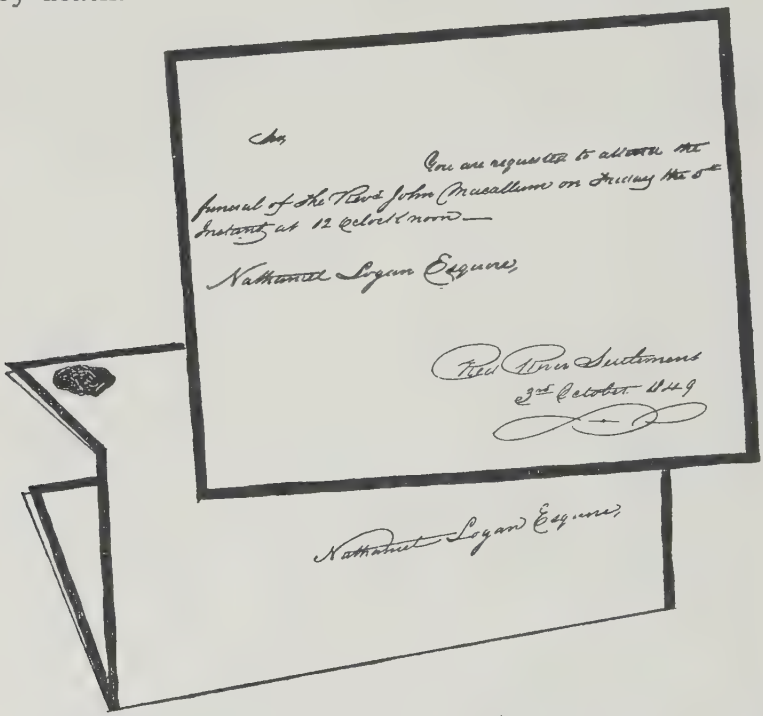
That evening a young man named Parisien, a French-Canadian who was simple-minded, came down the road past the Kildonan church. He had been

employed in Fort Garry sawing and chopping wood, and was on his way to his people, who lived across the river from St. Andrew's. Some of Major Boulton's men seized him as a spy, and made him a prisoner in the school house. In the morning he managed to make his escape. He ran to the river bank, took a gun from one of the sleighs that were standing near the church, and ran down the river bank. That was about ten o'clock in the forenoon. Only a few minutes before Parisien's escape, the Sutherlands, who lived across the river, were welcoming their father home from Fort Garry. He had persuaded Riel to set all the remaining prisoners free that morning. "He said to my second eldest brother, John Hugh, 'Jump on a horse and ride as fast as you can across the river to Major Boulton and Dr. Schultz, and tell them that all the prisoners are to be set free!'" said Mrs. Black, in telling her recollections. "John Hugh ran out at once and started across for Kildonan on a horse. I remember well how my mother cried with joy when my father came home that morning. We had not seen him for two days and two nights. The night before my mother had said that we might never see him again. He had been doing his utmost to prevent strife and bloodshed. Poor John Hugh was crossing the river when he and the half-witted and badly frightened young Parisien met. Men were running from the river bank in pursuit of Parisien,

who raised his gun and fired twice at my brother. John Hugh fell wounded from his horse. Some of the men who were pursuing Parisien carried him to Dr. Black's house. Others seized Parisien and dragged him back to the school house. My uncle William Fraser, after helping to carry my brother into Dr. Black's house, came over to our house, and my father and mother went away with him at once, and were away all day. My mother came home that night. She told us afterwards that when she left John Hugh whom they had put in Mrs. Black's bed at the manse, she knew that he would not live until the morning, but she could not leave us children alone any longer. John Hugh died the next morning. Before he died he begged earnestly that young Parisien should not be punished for what he had done. 'The poor simple fellow was too frightened to know what he was doing,' my brother said. The men who had seized Parisien dealt with him very roughly and talked of hanging him there and then. Dr. Black went out and saved the young man's life. I remember Dr. Black saying how pitiable an object young Parisien was as he saw him lying half unconscious with the blood streaming from a wound in the side of his head which one of the men had given him with a hatchet. He died not very long after. By this time Major Boulton and many others were prisoners in the fort. Riel had notified Major Boulton that he must be prepared to die at

noon on the day after my brother's funeral."

John Hugh Sutherland's funeral was attended by the whole parish. In the old Red River time a custom which was observed unfailingly was the sending out of funeral invitations by families which had been visited by death.


Sir,

You are requested to attend the funeral of the Revd John Macallum on Friday the 5th Instant at 12 o'clock noon—

Nathaniel Logan Esquire,

Red River Settlement
3rd October 1849

Nathaniel Logan Esquire,

"When anybody died in Kildonan," said Mrs. Black, "it was your sorrow, if you were of Kildonan.

But I do not think there was ever a funeral in Kildonan where there was greater sorrow shown than at my brother's. I remember Dr. Black's daughter Margaret, who is now Mrs. Francis, crying and saying 'Why was it one of our men?' She and I were school children of the same age. Her father, I remember, said to her gently that if it had been the death of a son of a family outside of Kildonan, it would have brought grief to some hearts, all the same. The coffin was carried on men's shoulders from our house to the grave."

To put a coffin on any vehicle would have been looked upon in Kildonan as showing a lack of respect to the memory of the dead. At every funeral the shrouded coffin was borne on the shoulders of four men, who were relieved every few minutes by men who took their places. The minister with one of the elders led the way. Then came the bearers with the coffin followed by the chief mourners and then all who attended the funeral marched two by two. There were always four men walking beside the bearers, and at the word "Relief" spoken at intervals by the elder in front they took the place of the bearers, who dropped out and fell into the rear. The distance to be travelled was not considered in paying this respect to the dead; when Donald Ross, the father of Mrs. Bernard Ross, died at Mapleton, down the river below St. Andrew's, his

coffin was carried eighteen miles to St. John's. At the slow pace of a funeral, this took a whole day; at noon the funeral halted where a cart of provisions met them, and after dinner the line of march was again taken up. When Archdeacon Cochrane died at Portage la Prairie in 1865, his coffin was borne on men's shoulders more than seventy miles to its resting place in the graveyard of St. Andrew's. On the way it rested two nights in churches which he had established, one at High Bluff and the other at Poplar Point.

"On the morning after my brother was buried," continued Mrs. Black, "my mother was ill in bed when Mr. Bannatyne and my mother's cousin, Vickie MacVicar, as she was usually spoken of, arrived in Mr. Bannatyne's cutter. He had driven down from Fort Garry as fast as the horse would go. I wish I could tell you how fine a character Vickie MacVicar was. She and Mr. Bannatyne had been pleading with Riel for the life of Major Boulton, who was a prisoner in Fort Garry with many others. He was condemned to be shot at noon that day. Miss MacVicar said to Mr. Bannatyne that there was nothing left to do but get my mother, and so they drove to our house post-haste. Vickie said to my mother, 'Come, cousin Janet, you must get up and go to Riel and save Major Boulton's life!' She helped my mother to dress, and my father went with her to Fort Garry. They went into Riel's Council

Chamber. Riel strode up and down the room and said 'No, Mrs. Sutherland, Boulton must die at twelve o'clock! I hold him accountable for the death of your son, the first bloodshed since the resistance to my government began, and he must pay the penalty. A life for a life! He is guilty of the death of a man born on the soil of this country and he must die for it!' My mother pleaded all the more earnestly, and besought Riel on her knees to give her Major Boulton's life. Riel stopped his pacing up and down, and resting against the end of the table, covered his face with his hands. At last he said, 'Mrs. Sutherland, that alone has saved him. I give you Boulton's life!' With that Riel went out of the room and went straight to Donald A. Smith, who had been using every argument and persuasion with him to save Major Boulton's life. After another interview with Mr. Smith, Riel went to the prison and told Archdeacon McLean, who was with Major Boulton, that the execution would not take place, and asked him to explain to Major Boulton and the other prisoners that after a meeting of the Council which was about to be held they would all be released. When Major Boulton was a free man he came straight from Fort Garry to our house to thank my mother. He told her she was a very brave woman. No one could know the agony my mother went through in those terrible days. Major Boulton spoke the truth when

he said she was a brave woman. She worked hard helping my father to prevent strife and the shedding of blood."

Mrs. Bernard Ross happened to be in Fort Garry when Riel raised the flag of his Provisional Government, several days after he and his adherents seized the Company's stronghold. "He and his Council," she said, "occupied the large house that faced the river and used to be the Governor's house years before. He left Governor McTavish in occupation of Hudson's Bay House which was at the other end of the Fort, facing the old gateway that is still standing. I was living down at Middlechurch then. I used to drive up with my horse and cutter to visit my friends and occasionally to buy things at the Company's store. One day, after I had been visiting the McDermots and Dr. Bird, who was married to a sister of mine, I went to the Fort, tied my horse outside the small gate in the east wall, through which later on poor Scott was taken out to be shot, and went in past the armed men at the gate to call on the McTavishes. While I was there chatting with Mrs. McTavish, in came Mr. Bannatyne, and said, 'They are going to hoist their flag.' He said to look out of the window, and we did so. I can see the people yet, filling all the square and talking excitedly. They all had guns. There was a sort of platform at the foot of the high flagstaff in the centre,

and Riel and O'Donoghue and Lépine, and I forget who else, were up on it and they made speeches, and their followers waved their guns and cheered. There were double windows, and so we could not hear anything of the speeches. Mr. Bannatyne said, 'I think I can bring in the Governor. He is well enough to walk.' Governor McTavish came into the room and looked out, the window just as they were hauling up the flag of Riel's government, which had the French fleur-de-lis on a white ground, to which the shamrock was afterwards added. And then they all fired off their guns and the cannon of the Fort were fired, too. The Governor said, 'Oh, the fools! the fools!' And then I remembered suddenly that my horse was a buffalo runner, and when he heard all the firing was likely to bolt I said, 'Oh dear, I must go home! I must go out and see about my horse. All the shooting may have made him run away! I asked Mr. Bannatyne if he thought I would have any trouble getting out. He said he would go with me to Riel. We went down and met Riel near the flagstaff. Mr. Bannatyne said to him, 'Monsieur le President, this is Mrs. Bernard Ross, and she wants to get out and go home. Her horse is tied outside the gate.' Riel bowed low, with his left hand on his heart, and said very gallantly, 'Ladies have always the first consideration, in war as in love!' And so I got out. The horse was there with the robe

on him and nothing had been touched in my sleigh. I drove home very fast. Down the road I found the people greatly excited, and I was stopped several times and asked what had happened. They had heard the firing in the Fort.

"The morning poor young Sutherland was shot," added Mrs. Ross, "I had driven up from Middlechurch with my cousin, Miss MacVicar from Fort William, who was visiting me. We went to the Birds and on our way back home we stopped at Robert MacBeth's, where I left Miss MacVicar and drove on alone. As I came near the Kildonan church I saw the crowd of men gathered around there. Young Sutherland had been carried in to Dr. Black's house. I went in to the Black's house and met Dr. Schultz in the hall. He was saying 'War! War!' Dr. Schultz did everything he could to save poor young Sutherland's life, but it was all in vain. They told me that the first shot which Parisien fired went through young Sutherland's right hand, and that he fell from his horse, still clutching the rein. The men thought that Parisien wanted a horse, so as to make his escape, but the half-witted young man was so frightened that instead of trying to mount the horse and get away, he shot Sutherland again in the breast. William Fraser said to me, 'Will you let me have your horse? I must go and tell John Sutherland what has happened.' I let him take my horse, and he

drove off to the Sutherlands."

The troubled times of 1869-70 ended on August 24th, 1870, when the expedition under Colonel Wolseley, which had travelled by the fur-traders' route from Lake Superior to Lake Winnipeg and up the Red River, landed at Point Douglas in a heavy rain, and marched, ankle-deep in the mud of the Red River trail, to Fort Garry. Riel and his Provisional Government fled before their coming. Among the women whose memories go back beyond that day in 1870 when the Red River era ended is the widow of Dr. Schultz, whose husband played an important part in Red River in the later 1860's. He became Sir John Schultz during his term of office as Manitoba's fourth Lieutenant-Governor, and he died in 1896. Lady Schultz, who arrived in Red River in 1867 gave proof of her force of character and her energy in the scenes of violence which preceded the falling of the curtain on the old era. She and several other wives of men who opposed Riel's usurpation were with their husbands in Dr. Schultz's building when it was besieged for three days. The besieged party surrendered, and Lady Schultz, who was ill, was placed on a sledge which was drawn by her husband in the march of the prisoners between two lines of the Riel Government's armed men along what is now Main Street in Winnipeg to Fort Garry. Riel imprisoned only the men; he set the women free.

Dr. Schultz, by the adroitness and skilful management of his wife, was provided with a gimlet and a rope which he used in making his escape on a midwinter night of extreme cold from the window of the room in one of the bastions of Fort Garry in which he was locked. By a journey which began with several hundred miles of travel in a dog carriole, he made his way to Ottawa. His wife remained in the village of Winnipeg, awaiting his return. Lady Schultz's memories are mostly memories of the years since the Province was established in 1870; they would belong to a book about the women of Manitoba rather than to a book about the women of Red River.

Mrs. Archibald Wright, of Winnipeg, now in her seventy-fourth year, was born within the walls of Fort Garry. She was a bride of three weeks when Riel set up his government. "My husband was among the men imprisoned by Riel," she said, in telling her recollections. "His friends said, 'Poor Wright didn't even have his honeymoon.' Mrs. Crowson and I used to take the prisoners their food. On the day before Christmas I was planning to smuggle in some good cheer to them. I had a bottle of brandy which Mrs. John Sutherland had given me for a cold. I carried it in, holding it tight under my arm inside the sleeve of a dolman I was wearing. But Riel's armed guards stood by me and were watchful, and I was in a perplexity.

One of the prisoners, old Mr. Mulligan, was lying on the floor on a buffalo skin, with another buffalo skin rolled up under his head for a pillow. I threw myself on my knees and put my arms around his neck and kissed him, and at the same time slipped the bottle of brandy into his buffalo robe pillow. Mr. Mulligan was annoyed at my demonstration of affection. I tried to make my husband understand that I had put something under Mr. Mulligan's head, but the guards watched us closely, and I had to be very careful. The prisoners found the bottle after I went out. The next time I went in they all joined hands and danced around me, to the great annoyance of the guards. Soon after Mr. Mulligan's daughter took him a letter concealed under a cake. But he failed to catch her glance, and insisted on taking the cake from the plate on which she was holding. She wanted him to take it, plate and all, but he became irritable and said 'I'dont want your plate,' and pushed the plate away, and the letter fell to the floor, and, of course, the guards picked it up. They could not read it. All they could make out on it was the word, 'arms.' They arrested Mr. Mulligan's daughter and myself, and one of them took the letter to the adjutant-general, Lépine. While the others were waiting for him to come back, I managed to slip out, but the sentry outside stopped me. One of the guards followed me and called out to the sentry not to let me

pass. By this time Miss Mulligan had slipped out, too. When the guard called out, the sentry changed his mind, just to be obstinate, I suppose, and said, 'They're only girls from the House,' and let us go."

Speaking of the time when the party of Loyalists were besieged in Dr. Schultz's store by Riel's armed men, Mrs. William Logan remembers seeing Mrs. Schultz being drawn on a sledge to Fort Garry by her husband. "Mrs. Schultz and the other women were not made prisoners by Riel," she said. "He allowed them to visit their husbands. I used to take roast beef and bread and cake and pies to the prisoners in Fort Garry. I remember once taking a letter for one of them, which I put in between the layers of a cake. Mrs. Schultz also used to take food to her husband and the other prisoners, and she was clever enough to plan his escape for him and smuggle in the things he needed to make his way out with, and she arranged to have a carriole waiting for him so that he could get away. That was in January. Riel immediately sent men to find Mrs. Schultz. They came to Mrs. Barber's house and searched everywhere. They even thrust their swords into the beds. They thought Dr. Schultz was hidden somewhere in that house. But he had got away. When Mrs. Schultz came to the Barbers after her husband's escape my husband rolled her up in a checkered quilt and put her in a sleigh, with little

Harriet Barber, who is now Mrs. Graham, on top of her, and drove off towards Kildonan. Peter Kaufman took me and my baby in a sleigh and drove off to Kildonan, too, but by a different way. Seven of Riel's armed and mounted men stopped us and searched our sleigh and wanted us to tell them where Mrs. Schultz was. I begged them to let me take my baby to safety, and at last the leader said, 'Marche!' We found Mrs. Schultz at Dr. Black's house. I left the baby at my mother's and went back the next day to my husband's store, to find that it had been stripped of everything. The only thing saved was a barrel of flour which our hired man, Sandy Morrison, had hidden in the field nearby. One of the things taken was the cruet stand which Bishop Anderson had given me as a wedding present. Later on when I went out with my husband to Pointe de Chênes I saw upstairs in a house there whole bolts of cloth and silk that had been taken from the Company's store in Fort Garry. The winter of the rebellion was one of terrible hardships for many in the settlement. My sister, Mrs. Eccles, and her husband lived with us during that winter. Riel's men were searching for Eccles, and one day they came to my mother's house in Kildonan where he was at the time. My mother made him crouch under a chair, on which she sat with her voluminous skirts spread out so as to hide him. He remained hidden in that way for a

couple of hours while Riel's men searched in and around the place for him, and then waited for him until they became tired of waiting. When the Ontario volunteers, or 'the Canadians' as we called them, came in the summer of 1870, I used to bake a whole bag of flour into bread and buns every day and my little boy took them in a big basket among the soldiers and sold them."

Mrs. Logan remembers that one of the companies of British regulars which came with the expedition had as a pet a bear cub which they had picked up on the way from Lake Superior. She remembers young Captain Buller, who was in charge of that company. Twenty-nine years later he was General Sir Redvers Buller, the Commander-in-chief of the British Forces at the beginning of the war in South Africa.

XI. When the Canadians Came

AT the beginning of 1870 the hamlet which had only just begun to be called Winnipeg was merely a very small part of Red River. The population of Winnipeg was then 215. The total population of Red River in 1870 was 11,405, of whom the white people without admixture of Indian blood numbered 1,565, the people of mixed blood who spoke French, 5,757, and the English-speaking people of mixed blood, 4,083. Winnipeg was a quiet village, except in the spring and the fall, when the plains hunters came in to buy what they needed for their buffalo hunting. There was a mail once a week to and from the East by way of Chicago, St. Paul and Pembina; from here to St. Cloud, where the railway from St. Paul ended, it was carried by horse in summer and by dog-train in winter. There was neither stage line nor steamboat to or from Winnipeg; a traveller had to depend on his own resources in coming to or leaving Winnipeg. It was not until April 26, 1871, that the first party of intending settlers arrived from Ontario; it was a party of eight men, who came by way of Chicago and St. Paul, and arrived here on a flat boat, which they had navigated down the Red River from Moorhead, in Minnesota.

It took them four weeks to make the journey from Ontario to Red River. West of Winnipeg lay the empty vastness which General Butler described in the title he gave the famous book he wrote in 1872, The Great Lone Land.

In addition to the settlers who now continued to arrive, a number of the officers and men of the Red River Expedition remained in the West, and a year or two later began to bring out their families for whom they had prepared homes. The setting up of government machinery, consequent upon Manitoba becoming a province of Canada, brought another group of men who came to take official positions. Among these were older men with grown families. There are stories still told of the excitement caused among the bachelors, who made up the large proportion of the newcomers, by the arrival of the four daughters of Mr. Justice and Mrs. McKeagney, the two daughters of Sheriff and Mrs. Armstrong, and the four daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Spencer. Mr. Spencer was the first Collector of Customs. That is the period still spoken of among survivors from the Red River era as "the time when the Canadians came."

In those early years there were few Canadian women in the settlement, and rarely an unmarried women came alone. One who did was Miss A. Bella McLean, who came to the West in 1873, at the instance

of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada, intending to take up work among the Indians in the school at Norway House. Eight months after her arrival at Winnipeg she married Mr. John Palk, and their children still treasure a diary which she kept on the journey and for some time after her arrival.

Sept. 2nd. "Reached Duluth seven a.m. Broke our fast Thumped Yankee Doodle on a Chickering. Then bundled into an omnibus to the station where our trunks were overhauled. Eight o'clock reached Fargo. Introduced to Mrs. McKeagney and four daughters.

3rd. Crept out of my room about nine. Found the ladies waiting.

4th. Time hangs heavily. The ladies seated in the parlor, seven of them, and every one with a wild romance or sickly novel in hand, and I have stolen out to have a treat by myself musing and writing. But, Oh! my head has ached so, and I have seen so many strange faces, that I can scarcely realize whether I am at home, in a wilderness, or on a vast prairie in the Dakota I learned of in my old Olney.

5th. Still waiting for the steamer which is expected tomorrow.

6th. Aboard the Selkirk slowly sailing down the circuitous muddy Red River waters.

7th. Quite ill this morning. Did not breakfast. Unable to work or read.

8th. A little better today. The ladies seem to have no taste for any amusement but card playing. While they play I sit in the rocking chair buried in Jean Ingelow or Mrs. Browning's sacred lyrics.

9th. A Hudson's Bay gentleman loaned me a copy of the Iliad in which I have been deeply interested today.

10th. Arrived at Fort Garry. Messrs. Young, Bowerman and Lewis met me and conducted me to what is called Browse's Hotel, an oblong structure of brick, with floors carpeted with native mud, black as coal. Introduced me to Mr. and Mrs. McGibbon who were poking away trying to raise a fire from a few embers and three or four round logs of wood. Rev. Mr. Fawcett appeared in a few minutes when he caught me by the hand exclaiming, "Ah! yes, Miss McLean, I am glad to meet you, but poor child, poor child among strangers far from home and comfort." Ah me! this was too much for my sick heart. I leaned my elbows on the dirty dining table, buried my face in my hands and sobbed aloud. I could not help it. I felt so lonely, so homesick, so friendless, so completely transferred from the most comfortable and pleasant of homes to isolation; but Oh, my God, help me to cleave to Thee. However, I soon dried my tears and moved forward to the fire which was now burning, when a heavy thud, a few groans and "Oh my!" from Mr. McGibbon caused me to spring to my feet into the hall where lay bleeding at the foot of the stairs a drunkard, 'a lawyer, a scholar, a gentleman.' All stood aghast, women near fainting, when I raised his head and held it up till an old man relieved me. This scene did not act as balm to heal my homesickness. God forgive me for looking so much at my own surroundings.

11th. Slept but little. Awoke early in such a cold room. Went to breakfast. Ugh! No wonder I could not eat from half washed dishes, greasy knife handles.

12th. Stove put up in sitting room which has a carpet, a cracked looking-glass and a ridiculous picture of womanhood

from the cradle to the grave. A young man, McDougal, and two others, Rowlson and Lynn, seem to be Mr. McGibbon's friends.

13th. Sunday eve. Attended Grace church for the first time this a.m. Rev. Bowerman officiated. Dined at parsonage. Attended Sunday school and evening service. Sang in choir after much persuasion from Mrs. Young and Miss Linton and, latterly, by Mr. Kennedy. The tunes are old, the time most wretched and slow. A young gentleman from Ontario, a local preacher, boards here; came into the sitting room this evening for the first time since I came here. Strange to say I felt interested in gleaning his true character from his conversation, physiognomy &c., I do not know why.

14th. Called at the parsonage to see if there were any tidings from Norway House, but none. Mr. Young thinks I shall not get on; calls it all providential. I hope I may be led to thank this Providence.

15th. Enjoyed the converse in the sitting room a little this evening. After class Mr. McGibbon proposed that we should have prayer before retiring whereupon he called on Mr. Palk to pray.

16th. Dear dumb friend, you, I know, will sympathize when I say I have no friend into whose ear I can pour a single secret, so I have decided to keep you posted as you will never expose me if I am guarded in the way I describe these secrets.

19th. Have been ill for the past few days, change of climate &c. as the story goes, but I know it is a severe cold caught in this cold house.

20th. Another Sabbath day. Oh! how unlike my pleasant Sabbaths at home. Nevertheless I enjoyed it a little. Mr. McGibbon and the above gentleman are fond of music so

we have been singing a little every evening just for pastime. How odd it seems to sing and drawl and flat as we do here. There surely is no music in it to me.

21st. Passed a somewhat pleasant day with Mr. and Mrs. McGibbon. The gentleman of whom I have spoken as being from Ontario, was in the sitting room. Some person spoke of guessing ages, when we all guessed each other's. During the conversation he, unawares, let us a little into his history. He is one of a large class. Has been thrown upon his own resources from early youth and is now, as it were, friendless. During the past few days I thought him haughty and repulsive, but I do not think him this now. I believe any young person who will fearlessly tell, in as many words as it takes to say, "I am poor," is not haughty in the sense I supposed. He is intellectual, and well-informed on the topics of the day, and, I may add, a follower of the 'meek and lowly One.'

Oct. 8th. Evenings long, no person comes in to break the monotony so I read and scribble.

9th. Class meeting as usual this evening, dull, dull, all seemed so dull to me.

10th. Lecture evening meeting—second edition of the last. Probably I am dull myself, and for this reason attribute a dull meeting to lack of life in its supporters. Oh! When shall I learn to do more myself? I sing and sit silently, then think others should work, but dear me, I feel there is nothing for me to do. I pray, if there is, that God may show it to me.

It was not long before Miss McLean found work to do. The season being late for the trip to Norway House, Rev. Mr. Young who was just then opening the Manitoba Wesleyan Institute— "A School for Higher

Education"—persuaded her to become one of the teachers. Though her marriage to Mr. Palk took place next April, she remained at her work until the following June, and ten or twelve years later after the death of her husband she returned to the teaching profession as a member of the Winnipeg public school staff. To the end of a long life she retained the spirit which is shown in the early entries of her diary.

THE FIRST GRACE CHURCH AND THE TOWN BELL

One of the four daughters who accompanied Mrs. McKeagney to Red River on the same boat as Miss McLean is Mrs. Duncan McArthur, now of Santa Monica, who recently revisited Winnipeg. Speaking

of her impressions while on the journey from Sidney, Nova Scotia, to Winnipeg, Mrs. McArthur recalled that the trip was made in a leisurely way. "I remember my mother frequently urging me to hurry. I used to answer 'Oh well, we are going out of the world, and we may as well go slowly.' As our boat approached the landing place, my mother, who had come up the year before with my father, pointed out some of the landmarks. The ones I remember best were the St. Boniface church and hospital. My father had rented a house from Judge Betournay. It was on the south side of the Assiniboine near where Osborne bridge now crosses. It was the only house in that locality. I remember that when we wanted to come to town we had to be rowed across in a scow and sometimes were met by a team from Benson's livery. We went to all our parties this way.

"My impression of my early days in Winnipeg is one of freedom and happy gaiety. It was in fact a merry dance. I cannot remember that my mother ever had any difficulty over the housekeeping. There were always plenty of servants—wives of the soldiers—and men to do outside work. The only article of food which I recall missing was fruit, especially apples. Ours was an open house, and many an evening was spent in charades, music and dancing. There were many musical people in Winnipeg in those days, and the

concerts given were one of our chief pleasures. In winter there was much skating, snowshoeing, and tobogganing. I cannot remember any summer sports, but I do remember the delightful walks through the woods, where Roslyn road is now. Of course the great annual event was the Hudson's Bay ball. I remember how we used to marvel at the handsome gowns worn by the wives of the wealthy traders and of the Hudson's Bay officials. We dressed very simply. Once a year we each got a dress, sent from Murray's in Toronto, but otherwise we generally made our own. The balls at Government House were great events in each winter's gaieties. These were the two large dances in each season. There were no wall flowers. We could pick and choose our partners, for there were always so many more men than women. Of course, we never had a party without a chaperon. Sometimes it would be one of the mothers, for the elder people went out with the young people more then. But more often the chaperon would be one of the young brides. I remember that after Hettie Armstrong married Captain Constantine she often went with us.

The great social event of 1872 was the Citizens' Ball on the night of February 15th, in honor of the officers of the Ontario and Quebec battalions, whose efforts in providing musical and dramatic entertainments and dances were appreciated greatly by the

residents. The Citizens' Ball was in a large building, owned by Andrew McDermot, at the foot of Post Office street, which is now Lombard street. It was the first affair of the kind in Winnipeg, and there were three hundred invitations issued. The Manitoban newspaper in its issue of that week, after noting that "there were fully two hundred and fifty persons present," said:

> The ladies present were a very fair representation of the beauty and fashion of Manitoba. They looked to advantage in their own Red River dances—jigs, strathspeys and reels—to which one room was exclusively devoted, and were equally graceful in the galops, valses, quadrilles and schottisches, which formed the staple dances of the other two rooms.

Nothing is more interesting in the stories which are often told by the children of these first Canadians in Red River than some of the incongruities in connection with the social affairs of the early seventies. Dinners of ceremony were attended by ladies in imported gowns, wearing moccasins in lieu of dancing slippers, which could not easily be obtained. At the first ball after the rebellion there were not enough evening shoes to supply the men so some of them went in dress suits and moccasins. For certain of the more formal affairs dress clothes were obligatory. More than one story is told of two friends who tossed a coin to see which should wear the one dress suit owned by them jointly.

Interesting also are the stories arising out of the

fact that there were so few women. At one hotel, the women guests wishing to avoid being in the dining room when some men, who seemed to them rather rough, were having their meals, remained in their rooms and came down after the men had finished, only to find that they were being watched as they ate their meal by the men peeking through knot holes in the board partition. More than one woman still living remembers the ordeal it was for the young woman, either married or single, to go 'down town.' It meant walking the narrow two-plank sidewalk, under the interested stare of bachelors who were always about in numbers, but especially in front of Monroe's boarding house. Worse was the ordeal for the incoming brides and young women, for then the bachelors flanked both sides of the plank leading up from the landing stage. A little later Benson's white horses met all the brides. The matter of driving to their new home was often one of great excitement, particularly if they chanced to arrive just after a rain storm and so had their first experience of the famous Red River mud.

Though the journey to Red River was most frequently made as Miss Mc Lean and the Mc Keagneys made it, there were other ways of coming to the West. Mrs. Alexander McMicken who came in June 1872 in a party which included her husband and his two brothers, Hamilton and Clifford and her sister, Miss

Johnston, who later became Mrs. Denholm, made the journey from Moorhead by Red River cart. That month the river was not navigable.

"We were in a hurry," said Mrs. McMicken in telling of the journey,"because we wished to join my father-in-law, who had gone on ahead in connection with the opening of the first Dominion government bank. He brought with him a large sum of Canadian money, the carrying of which gave him an adventure which seemed most thrilling to us all at the time. In the course of his duties at Windsor, Mr. Gilbert McMicken had sentenced some of the men concerned in the Fenian raid. Because of this he was all the time receiving threatening letters and had reason to think that an attempt would be made to rob and perhaps kill him on the journey out. I remember that he was very depressed, and used to say that he would never reach Red River. On the boat he suddenly recognized among the passengers a man who had tried to shoot him in Windsor. He took refuge for that part of the trip by by concealing himself and the money in a coffin. On the way we had to stop frequently and rested in some very rough places. This and the discomfort of the carts made some of the party turn back but all our family came right on."

Like Mrs. McArthur, Mrs. McMicken says that the musical and theatrical talent among the newcomers

was remarkable. It is her opinion that the concerts of that day outclassed those of the present time. Of her first home she says that it was sadly lacking in the comfort which she had left in Ontario but before many years she had her conservatory—the first in Winnipeg—where she cherished some house plants. In those days of houses heated by stoves the plants had always to be removed from the window sills and placed near the stove if they were to survive the winter nights. Before long a fire place was added—one of the very few in the early houses of the Canadians—and round it presently gathered happy groups in a home as happy as the Ontario home they had left.

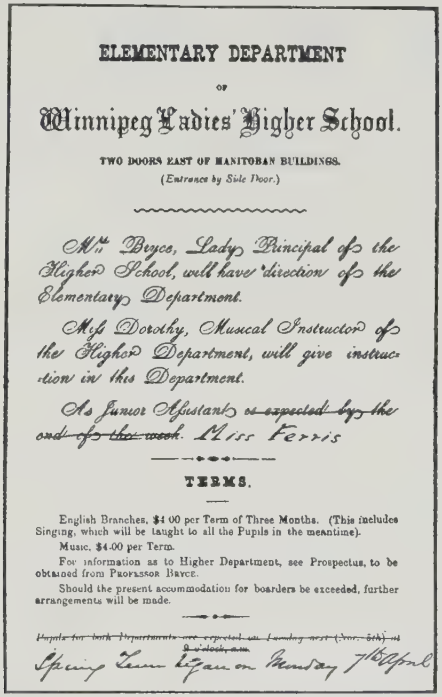
Mrs. McMicken remembers the openings of the early Manitoba legislature. "All the ladies of Red River attended this opening dressed in their very best clothes. To our amusement, the squaws followed our example and came in all their Indian finery—Hudson's Bay blankets, feathers, beads and war paint. At New Year's time the Indians quickly followed the custom of paying calls. We used to begin receiving early in the morning, and often very early your door would be pushed open by a stalwart Indian—sometimes in a frock coat. Refreshments would of course be given him, and he would pass out with perhaps nothing more than a grunt. I should tell you that the New Year's festivities usually lasted for three

days and great preparations in the way of cooking were made for the entertainment of callers."

In the fall of 1871 Mrs. Charles Graham, daughter of A. M. Brown, the first city clerk of Winnipeg, made this journey from Moorhead to Red River by stage. In the party were her mother with five children, and her aunt, Miss Stewart, sister of Miss Barbara Stewart one of the best known teachers in the Winnipeg schools. On the same stage came Mrs. D. M. Walker and Mrs. Radiger. "I remember" said Mrs. Brown, "that we stopped at several places along the road and that at Emerson, Consul Taylor gave up his room there to the ladies. My father, who had come before the family, had built a large house on what is now Main street just opposite the city hall. Here for years we kept open house. That must have already begun for I remember that the stage driver asked where to leave his passengers they said, 'Oh, we're all going to Brown's.' My first impression of Red River was of houses scattered here and there, up and down what is now Main street but without any regard to street line. I remember, too, how the single planks leading to the stores amused me, and thinking what a long walk it must be back to the Fort past which we had driven on our way in."

Mrs. Graham remembers the dance given in aid of the General Hospital about the time it was opened in

1872. For this dance Mrs. Molyneux St. John helped the ladies select fancy dress costumes. This party is still remembered by many who went to it as young girls.



ELEMENTARY DEPARTMENT

OF

Winnipeg Ladies' Higher School.

TWO DOORS EAST OF MANITOBAN BUILDINGS.

(*Entrance by Side Door.*)

Mrs. Bryce, Lady Principal of the Higher School, will have direction of the Elementary Department.

Miss Dorothy, Musical Instructor of the Higher Department, will give instruction in this Department.

As Junior Assistant ~~is expected by the end of the week~~. Miss Ferris

TERMS.

English Branches, $4 00 per Term of Three Months. (This includes Singing, which will be taught to all the Pupils in the meantime).

Music, $4.00 per Term.

For information as to Higher Department, see Prospectus, to be obtained from Professor Bryce.

Should the present accommodation for boarders be exceeded, further arrangements will be made.

~~Pupils for both Departments are expected on Monday next (Nov. 5th) at 9 o'clock a.m.~~

Spring Term begins on Monday 7th April

"I remember too," said Mrs. Graham, "the bonnet hops at Fort Osborne barracks. We made our own fun in those days. The day after our arrival Archdeacon McLean came to our house and asked my sister Lily, who was afterwards Mrs. David Young, to come and

play the melodeon in Holy Trinity church. She went on doing it for a long time, although she was then only a girl with long hair and short skirts. We were all school girls attending the old convent on Water street. My two sisters later went to the school conducted by Mrs. Bryce. For one term I attended the public school in Point Douglas where Miss Mulvey was our teacher. My chief recollection of that school is going in the cold winter mornings and seeing Miss Mulvey light the fire and unwind the scarves from Fred Scott, who had come with her all the way from Colony street."

"I recall vividly my first glimpses of Fort Garry when I stepped off a river boat on a wonderful Indian Summer day in October, 1872," Mrs. W. F. Luxton has written to the Women's Canadian Club from St. Paul, where she now lives. "All Fort Garry could be seen from any given spot, and all St. Boniface besides. Outwardly the great city of the future was nowhere visible, but the promise of the future could be discerned in the dauntless spirit of those early settlers. There were plenty of sturdy, enterprising men in the infant city of those days, but few women or children. Some of the old families who have played a big part in the city's history were there, and were then as they are now, the real old settlers. There were Bannatynes, Norquays, Logans, McDiarmids, McTavishes, McDougalls and others. Archbishop

Taché, of beloved memory, was there and so were the beginnings of St. Boniface and St. John's colleges. Among my first friends was Alexander Macdonald, who was then starting his successful business career as a partner in a grocery store across the street from the old Davis house, whose bell, rung three times a day at meal times, precipitated a stampede of boarders from all parts of the little settlement. There were no big stores and our shopping thrills were supplied whenever the flat boats came down the river laden with merchandise and dainties from 'the States.' As a frontier town Fort Garry in those days represented the outmost fringe of civilization, but there are a few of us old-timers who still look back on the struggles of those pioneer days as the 'good old times.' "

Coming from Iowa in a prairie schooner in the summer of 1872, in a caravan of thirteen wagons, Isaac Davidson brought his family of six boys and two girls to Red River on their way to Gladstone then known as Palestine. When they reached their home, they were the settlers farthest west in Manitoba. "When we reached Red River after a journey of forty days and thirty nine nights sleeping in the prairie schooners as we came," said one of the children now Mrs. C. P. Brown, widow of one of Manitoba's Provincial Treasurers, "we pitched our tents near the site of the present city hall and remained there until

we were stocked up. My father and mother stayed in Winnipeg to go into business for the summer while we went on, in charge of our older brother, to our farm which had a small cabin on it. We had brought a number of horses with us, and some of these my father sold in order to buy cows and poultry for the farm. I remember that Red River seemed to be just log houses here and there. I remember seeing the squaws carrying tea away from the Hudson's Bay store in bandana handkerchiefs, but mother had her parcels done up in paper."

It was three years before there was a school at Palestine. Mrs. Brown went first to this school then to Portage la Prairie and later came to Winnipeg where she attended the Wesleyan Institute, and St. John's College Ladies' School. Her teachers were Miss Spencer, Miss Cowley and Miss Ley.

Coming as adult women with children to help make farm homes in the new west were two women now living in Winnipeg, Mrs. Henry McQuade and Mrs. Mark Graham. Mrs. Graham came by the Dawson road, the most difficult route of all. Mrs. McQuade made the trip in the more usual way by Duluth and on to Moorhead and down the Red River in a surveyor's boat. The McQuade family pitched their tents on Water street, where they spent their first summer. The husband took up a homestead at Prairie Grove,

paying ten dollars for his patent to land which thirty-six years later he sold for $10,000. During those thirty-six years Mrs. McQuade had nine children, and no doctor ever entered her farm home. Their postmaster for all that time was a French-Canadian farmer from Quebec, Desautels by name, whose daughter is Sister Mary Desautels the friend of Sister Laurent in her declining years. Mrs. McQuade has made only one trip to Ontario in the half century since she came to Manitoba probably because her entire family came west at the same time. One of her brothers is Charles Dunlop, of Neepawa, a pioneer newspaper man of the west and one of her sisters is the wife of the Hon. Frank Oliver.

Past the McQuade home at Prairie Grove ran the Dawson road, along which a little later Mrs. Graham, then a woman of forty with four small children, drove with her husband on the way to the homestead near Portage la Prairie which he had taken up two years before. Though she is now over ninety years old, Mrs. Graham is still active and has many vivid memories of that trip, which they made in thirty-eight days coming from Howick near Kincardine. "I made a great big baking before we started and we brought along five black Spanish hens and a rooster. These supplied us with eggs. I could have sold them many times. Once when I was very frightened by an Indian coming

suddenly in on us, I gave him an egg which a hen had just laid in the road. This pleased him greatly. I remember still the Indian words in which he thanked me. What with our clothing, our food, the new stove we bought in Kincardine, and ourselves our wagon was so full we had to leave the top behind. I had to choose between the boiler and a big brass pot, so I chose the pot. It served me for everything—washing, boiling, mixing bread—and when it wasn't actually being used I polished it and kept it up on a shelf."

"I fought hard against coming," went on Mrs. Graham." I remember saying to my husband 'If you make me go, you'll be as tired of me as you are of your old boots.' We had a good farm and a sugar bush and I hated to leave it. We brought with us a supply of maple sugar and syrup and these we sold in Winnipeg to buy flour and sugar to take to the farm. We got a good price, because they were much wanted in Red River. We had a hard time the first winter but afterwards things went better and I wasn't sorry I had come."

In speaking of the coming of the Canadians, Mrs. William Logan, who was born at Middlechurch, recalled how many of them camped in the field next her home in Point Douglas. In common with many of the other old-timers, she showed many kindnesses to

those adventurous souls. One stormy night she was called out to one of the tents. In that flimsy shelter soon after she went into it out of a thunder storm, a child was born. She wrapped the baby up, put it in a box and sent it back to her house; then she and her husband carried the mother in a blanket to the house and kept her there for three weeks. That was the beginning of a long service as a practical nurse among the settlers.

"My father, John Fraser, welcomed the Canadians with open arms," said Mrs. Robert Henderson in recalling those times. "We used to think they must pass the word along, for they just came and came. Sometimes there would be as many as sixteen or eighteen sleeping in our house over night. One woman who came with her husband and baby wanted to go off with her husband next morning when he went to the Dominion Land Office to see about getting a homestead. So I took charge of the baby. The mother promised she would be back by noon, but she didn't come. The baby was hungry and cried hard. So I just walked all the way up the road to sister Anne's; she nursed the baby and then it didn't cry any more. It was a monstrous fat baby of eleven months, I remember." The stories told by Mrs. Logan and Mrs. Henderson are matched by many others told by the newcomers of the kindness and help they were given when they came to the West.

Mrs. Archibald Wright also had vivid recollections of the Canadians. "Many of the soldiers stayed after the rebellion," she said, "and it was not long before they began to go back to Ontario and return with wives. Then business began to develop though there were difficulties to be overcome there. I remember that my husband went east and brought back all the material needed for a new big building bringing it down the Red River on flat bottomed boats. That building stood near where the Union Bank building now is. I remember that we rented part of it for a rooming house, my husband's harness shop being in one corner of it. Those were years of hard work and little play. Later on we moved out to the site of Tuxedo Park, where my husband by the purchase of scrip gradually acquired over two thousand acres." There in her old home surrounded by furniture and books purchased in those old days, Mrs. Wright still lives carrying on work as president of the Women's Auxiliary of the Anglican Church in St. James, of which she with Mrs. Tait and Mrs. Bruce are the surviving charter members.

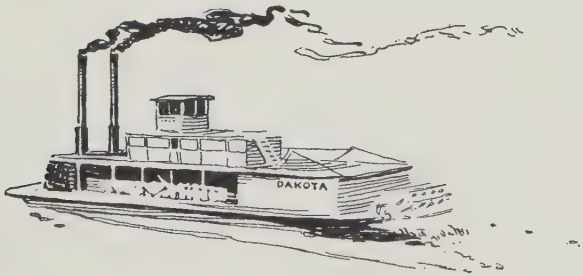
In 1872 an advanced school for girls was opened in Rev. Dr. Bryce's house, the location of which is to be described now by saying that it stood at the corner of Bannatyne avenue and Rorie street. "Mrs. Bryce, who had been principal of Brantford Ladies' College

for years, was in charge," said Mrs. W. R. Black in giving her recollections of that school. "There was room in the house for only a few girls as boarding pupils. They were daughters of officers of the Company in the interior and one or two other girls who lived too far down in Kildonan to be able to attend as day pupils. I rowed across the river every morning in summer, or crossed on the ice in winter, and walked up to school with Flora Polson and Isabel Matheson. Among the girls I remember being at Mrs. Bryce's school with me were Julia Murray, afterwards Mrs. William Clark, Jessie Lillie, who became Mrs. Christopher Forrest, Jessie and Sarah McDermot, granddaughters of Andrew McDermot, (Jessie is now Mrs. Fowler, of Sturgeon Creek), Lizzie and Laura Bannatyne, Mary Logan, who is now Mrs. William Bannatyne, and her sister Lily, who is Mrs. Richard D. Waugh. It was a very well conducted school, indeed, and we had the advantage of having Dr. Bryce and Dr. Hart, from Manitoba college, and Dean O'Meara and Dean Grisdale from St. John's college, come and give us lessons. Our mathematics teacher was Mr. Bourne of St. John's college. After Mrs. Bryce had carried on the school for some time she was succeeded as principal by Miss Margaret Bannatyne, the sister of the Hon. A. G. B. Bannatyne, and the school was extended. It was discontinued when St. John's College

Ladies' School was established where the Children's Hospital now is." Interesting, especially in view of the books read now by school girls, is the library provided for that school. It is now housed in the successor to St. John's Ladies' School, Rupertsland College, and includes among others the works of Hannah More in twelve volumes, Maria Edgeworth's Tales in twelve volumes, Robertson's Universal History in eight volumes, Swift's complete works, Selection from the Spectator, Idler and Rambler, and Goldsmith's complete works. In justice to the young ladies of that day it should perhaps be added that the pages of many of the books are almost all uncut.

For several years after the coming of the Canadians the men outnumbered greatly the women; but the women were increasing in number year by year, and gave proof of the earnestness of their desire for the betterment of the conditions of life and contributed their full share of endurance, courage and optimism to the work of Western progress. The pioneer women of Manitoba hold an important place in Canadian history. No record of our country's past will be of greater interest or more inspiring than the record of their lives, if ever their lives are adequately recorded, as they should be. This supplemental chapter in a book about the women of Red River cannot be carried beyond the time when Winnipeg was made a city in 1873. The

change which the first half dozen years made in the infant city was described in the speech which Mayor "Sandy" Logan made on being re-elected in December, 1879. "Winnipeg has grown, "he said, "from a little village into a city. Today nearly a thousand dwellings stud the plain, where ten years ago they could be counted on the fingers of two hands. That Winnipeg is destined to be the great distributing and railway center of the Northwest admits of no denial." There spoke the true Winnipeg spirit, the true Western spirit, foreseeing the whole panorama of Western Canadian progress to be unfolded in the decades to come—the inflow of immigration, the spreading of the prairie wheatfields that stretch to the circling skyline, the tall, red, high-shouldered elevators rising where settlements clustered into villages, the appearance of towns and cities linked by a network of railways radiating from the city which had grown out of the little muddy hamlet at the Forks.



IT IS WITH SATISFACTION THAT THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE WOMEN'S CANADIAN CLUB FINDS ITSELF ABLE TO SAY THAT ALL THE WORK INVOLVED IN THE MAKING OF THIS BOOK WAS DONE IN WINNIPEG. ITS THANKS ARE GLADLY GIVEN TO BULMAN BROS. LIMITED, TO BRIGDENS OF WINNIPEG LIMITED, TO THE ACME PAPER BOX CO. LIMITED AND TO RUSSELL, LANG & CO. LIMITED — ALL WINNIPEG FIRMS, CO-OPERATING GENEROUSLY IN THE WORK OF PRINTING AND BINDING, ILLUSTRATING, AND MARKETING "WOMEN OF RED RIVER."

Lake Winnipeg
Dead River
Manitoba
Musk Rat River or River des Champignons
Assiniboine River
Portage de la Prairie
R. la Sale
Muskrat River
Gratias River
Reed River
Pembina R.
Two Rivers
Par River
Salt River
Red River
Turtle River
Red Lake Ri

Signed) Selkirk

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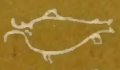
His  Mark

La Robe Noire

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Premier

Signed in Presence of

Thomas Thomas

James Bird

F. Matthey Cap:

P. d'Orsonnens Capt.

Miles Macdonell

I. Bt. Ch. de Lorimier

Louis Nolin Ir.

SKETCH-MAP attached to the treaty made by Lord Selkirk with the Indians on July 18th 1817, at the Forks of the Red and the Assiniboine.

By that treaty the Indians gave up their title to the land "extending to the distance of two English statute miles from the banks of the said rivers on each side", and to "six miles on every side" from Fort Douglas (below the Forks) and Fort Daer (at the mouth of the Pembina river), in consideration of a quit-rent of two hundred pounds weight of "good merchantable tobacco", to be paid on or before October 10th of each year, one half to be delivered at the Forks to the chief and warriors of the Chippeway, or Saulteaux, nation, and the other at Portage la Prairie to the chiefs and warriors of the Knistineaux or Cree nation. The Indians' version of the treaty was that they gave the Silver Chief, as they named Lord Selkirk, the land back from the river banks as far as daylight could be seen under the body of a pony standing on the level prairie.

TARRANT COUNTY COLLEGE DISTRICT-SOUTH
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